The Nation

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1911.

The Week

High-tariffites got but cold comfort in Tuesday's elections. Aside from their bitter disappointment in Massachusetts, they have to contemplate significant losses in the three Congressional districts where Representatives were elected to fill vacancies. One of these was the First District of New Jersey, where the late Congressman Loudenslager had in 1910 a plurality of 10,000. His successor, Browning, is a Republican, but the latter's majority was cut to very low figures. In the Second District of Kansas, which has been heavily Republican for years, a Democratic Representative was elected by about 1,000 majority. Even more notable was the result in the Third District of Nebraska. Here the Republicans made special efforts, sending in money and speakers from the outside. The district was won in 1910 by a Democrat, the late Representative Latta, but his majority of 2,000 was explained as largely due to personal popularity. However, another Democrat, Daniel Stephens, was elected on Tuesday by a majority of 5,000. There could be no clearer proof of general dissatisfaction with the Administration, especially in the matter of its tariff policy, nor a sharper rebuke to President Taft for his veto of the wool bill, with a warning that he must strike hard for tariff reductions, this winter, or give up next year's election in advance.

The triumph of Gov. Foss in Massachusetts, if nothing else, is a sound and merited rebuke to those who would inject the tariff issue into State politics. It would hardly have been thought possible a few weeks ago that in any State in the Union a campaign could be waged by men of intelligence in which the welfare of its great industries would be made to hinge upon the political label of its Governor. It was at least believed that we had progressed far beyond that familiar political condition of the eighties. But Mr. Taft, in his Beverly speech, injected national issues into the campaign, and Mr. Frothingham took the cue. Thereafter, to elect Foss was to cause all Bay State industries to go to wrack and ruin. The silliness of the argument ought to have defeated its object, and probably did. Moreover, Gov. Foss was charged with being a voluble demagogue in arrears in some of his work, notably in his appointments to office. But a majority of the people seem to have liked both the man and his industry in office, and have decided to retain him another year, while again choosing a Republican Lieutenant-Governor and Legislature. Thus Gov. Foss has the distinction of being the first Democrat since William E. Russell to govern Massachusetts two years in succession. Finally, it must not be forgotten that Gov. Foss ran on an extremely radical platform favoring the submission of the woman-suffrage issue to the people, the initiative and referendum, a Federal income tax amendment, direct election of United States Senators, the creation of a Public Utilities Commission, etc.

No one can read the returns from Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and Cleveland, to say nothing of New York, without a feeling of rare satisfaction and of jubilation. The awakening of our American cities is coming on apace. Who would have thought a couple of years ago that, without any particular revelations of machine wrongdoing, or any specially sensational causes, Philadelphia and Cincinnati should rise up and drive out the boodlers and gangsters? "Corrupt and contented" was the phrase applied to Philadelphia a few years ago, which was made wholly out of date on Tuesday. Its discontent is plain enough, for the victory is a second one within a few weeks. First, Republican voters defeated the Vare brothers, contractors, in the primary election. Next they assayed at their full value Senator Penrose's assurances of repentance and reform and his sudden and hypocritical favoring of the commission form of government, and defeated his candidate, Mr. Earle, despite the fact that he was the ablest man ever put forward for the Mayoralty in Philadelphia.

It is a thousand pities that Champ Clark and William J. Bryan cannot be rolled into one and put up against Mr. Taft in the Presidential campaign next year. The President has barely had time to recover his equilibrium after being bowled over by Bryan's unanswerable challenge to publish the recommendations that gave Justice Hughes his job on the bench and got Chief Justice White his promotion, when along comes Speaker Clark and sends the poor man another challenge equally terrifying. "I am willing," says Champ, "to make this proposition: You let me run for President on a platform calling for annexation of Canada, in so far as this country can accomplish that end, and let President Taft run against me, opposing annexation, and I would carry every State in the nation." On the whole, seeing that we can't have a duumvirate, with both Bryan and Clark in the White House, the country should be grateful for the possibility of being governed by even one man of the Speaker's transcendent powers as a statesman. But the Democratic party has recently been showing such an unaccustomed and deplorable amount of mere plodding common sense that its national convention next year will in all probability not rise to the brilliant opportunity presented by Champ's candidacy.

The decision of the Secretary of War to install efficiency methods in the ordnance shops of the army shows administrative courage, for the scientific management at the Watertown, Mass., arsenal has aroused the anger of the labor unions. As will be remembered, a committee of Congress has been in session in Boston, New York, and other cities investigating this very matter because of a small strike at Watertown. Before this committee appeared many of the workmen at Watertown to testify their satisfaction with the new system. It commends itself to all unprejudiced observers because it has resulted in great economies, while actually bettering the condition and pay of the workmen. Yet both Mr. Stimson and President Taft deserve especial recognition for their pluck in taking so determined a stand on the eve of a Presidential campaign, for many labor leaders will roar—at least those who believe in limiting the number of workmen and in creating all the needless jobs possible.

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Still other movements in the direction of economy in the army expenditures are foreshadowed by Gen. Wood's study of the stations of the army with a view to abandoning needless posts, and the Quartermaster-General's advocacy in his annual report of a consolidation of his own, the Subsistence, and the Paymaster-General's Departments. The latter plan was originally urged by Secretary Root. At that time these three supply departments were so hostile to the proposed amalgamation that it was impossible to obtain any legislation. Now all three heads of these departments have directly or indirectly approved the legislation now pending before Congress for this purpose. The estimated savings from this source alone will be two million dollars a year. But this is only a first estimate, and if better business methods can be installed after these three departments are unified, the saving should be far greater. As for the abandonment of unnecessary posts, the chief obstacles here will be political. Many of the existing barracks have no other reason for existence save that a Senator or Congressman wished to repair his political fences. Abandonment of one of the wasteful big posts could only take place in the face of a great deal of clamor on the part of those interested in the profits which come from selling supplies. But even if the unnecessary posts can be abandoned, economic management of the remainder would save large sums to the Government. The newest posts are far too luxurious for the housing of troops who are supposed to be preparing themselves for the hardships of campaigning.

It is certainly all up with Gov. Wilson now. He has been discovered, and the horrible truth is at last out that he is a free-trader. This damning announcement was made by ex-Gov. Stokes of New Jersey in a speech at Trenton. He had been reading Wilson's addresses and writings, and at more than one point in them had found traces of the free-trade poison. This will be final to every Jerseyman who forgets, as Mr. Stokes apparently does, that the same charge was made against Grover Cleveland, who nevertheless carried New Jersey three times for the Presidency. In 1892, for example, Democratic banners in Jersey openly flaunted the legend, "Protection is a Fraud," yet the State went for Cleveland. To suppose that New Jersey to-day, after the immense increase in the residents of her cities and towns in the northern part, so many of whom are independent in politics and nearly all of whom desire to see tariff duties reduced, will be frightened or anything but amused at this particular form of attack on Gov. Wilson, is too absurd for anybody except a former Republican Governor.

The inquest now going on at Austin, Pa., gives special point to the comprehensive article on the recent disaster at that place, by Graham Romeyn Taylor in the *Survey*. The contrast between the splendid helpfulness displayed by public and private agencies after the calamity and the lamentable failure to do anything to prevent it, in spite of abundant warning, is well brought out by the writer. This inertia, so far as the townspeople were concerned, is ascribed essentially to the fear of doing anything supposed to be contrary to the desires of the Bayless Company, on the continuance and extent of whose operations the prosperity of the place was dependent. But the State Government is not absolved from blame for inaction, and of course its failure to take cognizance of the menace to life and property cannot be accounted for in any such way. There is force in what Mr. Taylor says about the relation between the town and the industrial corporation; but it is always well to remember that a large factor in all our dangers from fire and flood and explosion is a certain laxity in the habitual American attitude of mind.

The detailed population bulletins for Ohio and Wisconsin repeat the familiar tale of contrast between urban and rural growth in numbers. In the case of Wisconsin, the rate of increase of the entire population, for the decade 1900-1910, is strikingly low, all things considered, being only 12.8, as against 21.0 per cent. for continental United States as a whole; whereas the three preceding decades gave 22.2, 28.7, and 24.7 per cent., respectively. Wisconsin's rural population—the population outside of cities and towns having 2,500 inhabitants or more in 1910—shows a growth of only 5.7 per cent., though the corresponding figure for the whole country is 11.2 per cent. In Ohio, the increase for the whole State has been more rapid, owing to the great increase in the cities, especially Cleveland; but at the same time the rural population makes a showing even less favorable than that of Wisconsin. Ohio's increase has been 14.7 per cent.—still far below that of the Union—but her rural territory has actually lost in number of inhabitants, the figures showing a decrease of 1.3 per cent. This result is made even more striking by the statement that out of the 88 counties of the State, no fewer than 39 show a falling off in numbers; and if we note that among the other 49 counties there are seven which show an increase of less than 3 per cent. for the decade, it may be said that a clear majority—46 as against 42—of the counties of Ohio present the phenomenon of either a declining or an almost stationary population. In several of the cases, too, the decline is by no means slight—Pike County, for example, went down from 18,172 to 15,723, and some did worse than that. The whole story is one very unlike anything we were accustomed to think of as possible in that section of the country a generation ago.

The cure for the evils of college athletics, according to the authorities of the University of Wisconsin, is more athletics. But this does not mean greater attention to the members of the varsity teams. The Wisconsin idea is that the entire student body should be trained in outdoor and indoor competitions, instead of being left to the dull routine of exercises in the gymnasium. Coaches are, accordingly, no longer mere specialists for the small groups of men who are able to "make" the big teams, but they are general instructors for the whole mass of undergraduates. By the end of his sophomore year, one must be able to swim a distance of fifty yards, and credits may be obtained for skating and dancing. Special courses have been established for those desiring to fit themselves to become teachers of physical training, for whom there is a growing demand. This widening of athletic activity is said to be having a good effect upon the teams which represent the university in its intercollegiate contests. This, if true, will be a sufficient justification for it in the mind of any one who has heretofore been doubtful.

Although the introduction of a Home Rule bill in Parliament is not to come

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till next March, the main outlines of such a measure must be fairly clear in the minds of the Liberal Government, to judge from a recent speech by Augustine Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland. It is settled that the Irish people is to have a Parliament consisting of two chambers with a responsible Cabinet. To this Parliament are to be conceded full representative powers and control over purely Irish affairs. In delimiting the powers of the Irish Parliament, the Liberal Government will be found to entertain "a wide view," the object being to satisfy the national demand for national responsibility consistent with the maintenance of the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament at Westminster.

The financial aspects of Home Rule are bound to constitute one of the most complicated problems in the proposed bill. At present, it is the Unionist contention that Ireland costs the British Empire more than it contributes and that the institution of new and elaborate political machinery is bound to increase the drain upon the Imperial revenue. To this one answer is that there must be something intrinsically wrong with the system of Irish administration at present, in view of the fact that while the cost of civil government in England is less than five dollars per head of the population, and in Scotland about six dollars, the cost in Ireland is about eleven dollars, or just double the rate for the United Kingdom. When Ireland is ruled by its own representatives in Parliament instead of being ruled from London, the presumption is that a fuller knowledge of the nation's needs and resources can be made the basis of broad economies. Whatever the financial arguments against Home Rule may be, Mr. Birrell points out that they fail of their effect in the mouths of Unionists. If the latter are determined to resist Home Rule to the last, it is an anti-climax to argue that Home Rule is expensive.

The difficulties of combining politics and literature are brought out by the announcement of the postponement of the publication of Lord Charles Beresford's "The Betrayal." This industrious author, it is understood, has ready for the press an undoubted best-seller, full of pungent attacks upon men and measures of note, laments over continued losses of great opportunities by Cabinet Ministers, and patriotic and rhetorical appeals for a navy that will not go to pieces at the first sound of a hostile gun. And yet he cannot publish his book, owing to the circumstance that the new First Lord of the Admiralty agrees with what he says in it! One can understand the author's readiness to spoil his work, including a stunning title, rather than risk injury to the navy, which he loves above all books, but the puzzling feature of the incident is its disclosure of a sad lack of enterprise upon the part of the publishers. Winston Churchill's untimely appointment to the Admiralty ought to be turned into a means of advancing the sale of the book, instead of retarding its publication. What is there to prevent the insertion of a new preface and a new concluding chapter, the alteration of the title to, say, "The Halted Betrayal," and the advertisement of the volume as "The Book that Saved the Empire"? Evidently, what England needs is not more Dreadnoughts, but bolder advertising methods.

At the ninth annual meeting of the German Aeronautical Society no less than 250 delegates were present, representing 71 local associations or clubs. Representatives of the Imperial Government, the Departments of War and Public Works, were there, and the reports of the various committees were read by such distinguished men as Major von Parseval, whose military dirigibles are performing such excellent service; Capt. von Abercron, whose record in ballooning is well known, and Professor Stade, who discussed aviation from the purely scientific standpoint. As is usual in Germany, the theoretical scientists are called in to aid the practical men. The noteworthy enthusiasm and harmony of the meeting are reported by the German press as illustrations of the intense popular interest in the whole question. While in this country every one's attention is centred on aeroplane developments, in Germany the spectacle of a huge dirigible floating over a city no longer rouses any particular interest. The great Zeppelin airship, the Schwaben, which went into active commercial service last spring, completed on October 8 its one hundredth successful voyage with passengers. There were twelve of these on this "century run."

To the professional airman and the General Staffs of the European armies, the war in Tripoli has probably come as a welcome opportunity for trying out the military usefulness of the aeroplane. The two aeroplanes employed for scouting forces in Tripoli are said to have given such satisfaction that a larger number of machines are to be dispatched to the front. The test, to be sure, is not of the severest kind, even if conducted under conditions of actual warfare. The continental armies are already provided with guns for aerial defence, whereas the Turkish forces opposed to Italy are, of course, helpless against any assault from on high. Nor would a European trained army be driven into panic by a couple of hand grenades dropped from a flying machine, as is said to have occurred around Tripoli. That this new phase of warfare is seriously considered appears from the elaborate tests and manœuvres that have been carried on for weeks by the French military authorities at Rheims.

The political situation in Peking appears to be improving or not, according as one studies the reports from Northern China or from the revolutionary South. In the North, things undoubtedly have changed for the better. The National Assembly professes itself satisfied with the concessions wrested from the throne. Yuan Shih Kai has been appointed constitutional Prime Minister. The rebellious troops have accepted the promised reforms, and are now said to be ready to march against the revolutionists in the Yangtse provinces. The latter are supposed to be still unreconciled and to be holding to their original plan of expelling the Manchus and establishing a republic. But that is either pretence or self-delusion. The South by itself can do little. Even if the insurrectionary forces were to establish themselves in the South, they would have the modern-trained army from the North to reckon with. But, as a matter of fact, even now the tide is turning against the revolutionists. It seems probable that they will be driven from Hankow in the course of a few days, and while they may be able to carry on a sporadic warfare, they can expect little else. It is to be remembered that the surrender by the throne was brought about not by the revolutionists of the South, but by mutiny among the troops around Peking.

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THE FRANCO-GERMAN AGREEMENT.

With the formal announcement of the principal terms in the settlement between France and Germany concerning Morocco and the Congo, a momentous chapter has been closed in the history of European international relations and colonial expansion. There can be very little doubt that the agreement will stand in its present form. The action of the German Government in the matter of foreign affairs is final. The French Parliament has still to speak, but France has so patently come out ahead in the negotiations that an upset of the treaty is unimaginable. The effects of the settlement are far-reaching. It makes radical changes in the map of Africa. Taken in conjunction with Italy's adventure in Tripoli, it indicates a notable step forward in the Latin reconquest of the southern shore of the Mediterranean. It puts a new face on the international situation in Europe. The relations between France and Germany, between France and Great Britain, between Great Britain and Germany, between the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente that binds England, France, and Russia, are different to-day from what they were six months ago.

German public opinion loses no time in admitting that the Imperial Government emerges with little prestige from the long controversy. The Morocco question has always had two phases. Ever since William II's dramatic speech at Tangier half a dozen years ago, it has been pretty generally recognized that the German Government has been using Morocco either as a test of Anglo-French friendship or as a wedge for splitting up that friendship. On that count, Germany has been completely defeated. In 1911, as in 1905, the British Government has shown that it would back up France to the utmost. In 1905, France did not feel strong enough, even with the assurance of British aid, to face the test of war. That was why Théophile Delcassé, the Foreign Minister, who for years had been spinning a web of alliances and ententes with a view to an ultimate trial of strength with Germany, was forced to resign at the demand of the Kaiser. Time, which brings its revenges, has brought his to M. Delcassé. In the present French Cabinet he is Minister of the Navy, and not Minister of Foreign Affairs; but there is no reason for doubting that his hand has been felt in the late negotiations with Germany. What made this diplomatic victory possible was a significant change in the morale of the French nation. In some degree this was due to the feeling that the country was in a much better military position than it was six years ago. But the great reason for the remarkable stiffening of the French backbone consisted in the general recognition of the fact that if France yielded now, she might as well abdicate all pretensions to a place among the Powers, and accept a German hegemony.

On the purely colonial phase of the controversy, Germany has likewise been beaten. She receives 150,000 square miles of French territory in Central Africa adjoining her colony of the Cameroons, with an outlet on the Congo River. She consents in return to a French protectorate over Morocco, with its larger area, larger population, and much greater natural resources, and having the enormous advantage, above all, of giving France the solid north coast of Africa from beyond the Straits of Gibraltar to Tripoli. To France the question of proximity is an important factor in colonial policy. The French are a colonial but not a colonizing Power. The Frenchman will not emigrate too far over-seas. He will go to Algeria and Tunis, which are only across the Mediterranean, and he will go to Morocco. From this point of view, as well as from the administrative, military, and commercial point of view, it is evident that distance from the metropolis constitutes a highly important factor. It is true that France cedes absolute sovereignty in the Congo and consents to certain limitations upon her authority in Morocco, where a number of special rights are guaranteed to German subjects. The possibility of future controversy has not been totally eliminated. Nevertheless, this main source of contention having been removed, there is no reason to suppose that matters of detail will be allowed to bring up the problem in dangerous form again.

Diplomatic prestige in Europe is an exceedingly fluctuating quality, and frequently receives more attention than it deserves. But tracing out the problem in broader lines, we find to-day a serious decline in German prestige from what it was three years ago, when Austria took to herself Bosnia and Herzegovina, while the Kaiser stood by to repel intruders. Now the friendship between England and France is an alliance in fact, and Russian diplomacy is in close relations with the two. The Triple Alliance, on the other hand, is at the present moment put very roughly to the test. Italy is outraged by the attitude of her allies toward the raid upon Tripoli. Italian hatred for Austria has never disappeared, and what Rome regards as the provocative behavior of the Vienna Government might very well prove the deciding factor in Italy's long vacillation between the Triple Alliance and the advantages of an understanding with France. German prestige has suffered also at Constantinople, where the Kaiser has been regarded as a friend; this is the second occasion on which the Kaiser's friendship has failed to stand in the way of spoliation by one of his allies. The Triple Alliance may survive the present crisis as it has done before, but plainly it is not the picture of a happy family which it offers to-day.

In this peaceful end of a long and bitter controversy, the nations of Europe have reason to congratulate themselves on something more than their immediate escape from a devastating war. Every time that Governments avoid a resort to arms, we have a permanent gain for the growing habit of peace. It was not military hesitations or financial hesitations alone that kept Germany from going to war with France. In both countries, there was unmistakable evidence that the masses had no desire to take up arms over a question of colonies or diplomatic prestige. Even the splendid German army is not the absolute automaton it has been represented to be; it consists of men to whom it makes a difference whether they are fighting for a cause they have at heart, or are fighting only at the behest of their officers. Italy's raid upon Turkey prevents us from entertaining excessive illusions with regard to the present strength of the peace conscience among the peoples of Europe. But that the growth is there is undeniable. We need only recall that great mass meetings in protest against war have become a regular feature of international crises.

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BIG-NAVY LOGIC.

Col. Roosevelt has made a distinguished convert to his doctrine that a powerful navy is the great guarantor of peace and righteousness. Mr. Oscar Straus, our former Ambassador to Turkey, confessed in a speech the other night that the seizure of Tripoli by Italy has led him sorrowfully to change his mind and to go over to Mr. Roosevelt's view. Ardent advocate as Mr. Straus is of all-inclusive arbitration treaties, he declared that the "high-handed buccaneering methods" of the Italian Government had shaken his faith. His words were, as reported:

> I decided that Mr. Roosevelt was right; that there are certain lines beyond which we should not go in our efforts to maintain peace, and that the surest means of guaranteeing peace is to have as strong a navy as possible to maintain it. Italy would never have dared to strike as she did if Turkey had had a navy worthy of the name.

This is wholly in line with what Mr. Roosevelt himself writes in the current *Outlook*. The "ethical justification" of the attack upon Turkey by Italy he does not undertake. There are, it appears, some matters in which even he hesitates to set himself against the moral consensus of the civilized world. The press and people of Europe, as of the United States, have been almost unanimous in condemning Italy's course, and Col. Roosevelt does not venture to defend it, though he thinks, "personally," that it will be for "the interest of humanity" if Tripoli falls under "European control." But it is not this "civilizade," as John Stuart Mill called what could not be justified, that at present concerns Mr. Roosevelt. He desires to point out the fact that the plight of Turkey proves how futile treaties are compared with guns. "If Turkey had had a fleet which, relatively to other fleets, was even approximately as strong as her army, no man of any sense believes that war would ever have occurred."

Such an argument has a very neat and compact look. It appears as clear as arithmetic. It is the favorite big-navy logic. But will it bear examination? "Relatively to other fleets," writes Mr. Roosevelt guardedly. Yes; but what other? Presumably the Italian, in this instance. Turkey has a fleet, but it is old and feeble and the Italian navy far outclasses it. But Italy was not Turkey's only possible enemy. She has been subject to age-long aggression from Russia. Her relations with Germany have been of a sort that might easily lead to rupture; a quarrel might any day arise over German concessions and ambitions in Asia Minor. According to the argument, then, Turkey ought to provide herself with a navy relatively as strong as Germany's. But that would at once give her a greater strength at sea than Italy, and it would then be the latter's turn to take alarm and to begin to build battleships like mad! We are thus in the same old vicious circle in which the big-navy logic has ever travelled. Make the Turkish fleet strong enough to resist Italy's and it instantly becomes strong enough to attack Italy's, and then *da capo* for Italy, and what becomes of your peace of the world as forever established by naval armaments?

There is more in Mr. Roosevelt's "relatively" than he seems to have intended. The truth is that, in all this matter of fighting strength, the question of margin of superiority is the vital thing. It was so between Prussia and Austria in 1866, and again between Germany and France in 1870. Bismarck simply put the question to Moltke and Von Roon: "Are you sure that our armies surpass theirs?" The possession of an army or a navy is not a national defence in itself. It may be merely an international provocation. It is known that Moltke watched with jealous eye the strengthening of the French army in 1874 and 1875, and actually declared it to be the true German policy, as a question of stark militarism, to strike again before France got too strong. This margin of strength which one nation may have over another is the constant study of military strategists. The idea is as old as the Bible. "What king going to make war against another king sitteth not down first and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?" The more closely we look at the problem, as one purely of military might, the more clearly we see that Mr. Roosevelt's "relatively" has all the uncertainties and difficulties covered up in it. Navies that have to be continuously "relative" must be continuously growing all round, and there is no logical end in sight except the whole world thinking of nothing but guns and armor and going bankrupt in the insane shipbuilding competition.

The time has come for a fuller recognition of international good faith and conscience; and when we are compelled to face such a wanton act as Italy's attack upon Turkey, the inference should not be the hasty one of saying that all nations must arm themselves to the teeth, but rather that everything possible should be done to strengthen the moral and peaceful forces in the modern world.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

In two trials now conspicuous in the public eye, the question of the attitude of jurors on the subject of circumstantial evidence is destined to play an important part, and in the Beattie case in Virginia the prisoner was convicted of the murder of his wife upon circumstantial evidence. In the long process of obtaining a jury to try J. B. McNamara at Los Angeles, one of the tests of eligibility applied to talesmen by the prosecution refers to their having or not having conscientious objections to conviction on such evidence in cases in which the punishment is death. And whenever the young minister Richeson, charged with the murder of Miss Linnell, is brought to trial, he will, if convicted at all, be convicted upon circumstantial evidence; nor can there be any doubt that in this case and in the McNamara case alike the resources of able counsel will be directed, with all possible energy, to discrediting the authority of such evidence, and exploiting to the utmost every scruple or prejudice against it that may lurk in the mind of any juror.

That the great majority of intelligent persons are superior to such prejudice, we have little doubt; but there is a not inconsiderable minority over whom it has sway. And the great difficulty in clearing their minds lies in the fact that it is almost impossible to fasten on anything tangible at the basis of their error. The only clear reason they can offer is the mere truism that cases have occurred in which a conviction has been obtained upon circumstantial evidence and in which the innocence of the man convicted has afterwards been established. But precisely the same thing has happened, again and again, in cases where the evidence was not at all what is called circumstantial, but was

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from direct witnesses. If the fact that circumstantial evidence has sometimes led to unjust convictions was accepted as proving its insufficiency, we should have to drop all attempts to convict of capital offences by any kind of evidence whatsoever. Alleged eye-witnesses have sworn, either through error or intentionally, to the commission of murder by persons whose innocence was afterwards absolutely demonstrated; are we, then, to conclude that no person should ever be convicted of murder upon the testimony of eye-witnesses? It would be precisely as logical to do this as to refuse to convict upon circumstantial evidence. Of course, the true test of conclusiveness is of a wholly different nature. The real question is not what kind of evidence has been adduced, but how strong the evidence is of its kind. And that is the test which the common sense of any competent jury, as well as the rule of law laid down by the courts, actually does apply. The question that the jury must answer is one, and only one—is there reasonable doubt of the guilt of the accused? If there is, he must be acquitted; if there is not, he must be convicted. Evidence that is called circumstantial may remove all reasonable doubt, and evidence that is called direct may fail to do so.

A large part of what fakes the outward form of scruples concerning circumstantial evidence has, we are sure, in reality nothing to do with the question of circumstantial evidence at all. It is not based on any estimate, however crude, of the conclusiveness of one kind of evidence rather than another, but is merely an uncritical application of the doctrine that it is better for ninety and nine guilty men to escape than for one innocent man to suffer. With the spirit underlying that doctrine no one will quarrel; but if it were to be understood as demanding absolute certainty as the indispensable condition of conviction, society might as well throw overboard the whole machinery of criminal justice. There is no way known to man for avoiding possibility of error in any of the affairs of life. If society is to be protected against murder and arson and burglary and kidnapping, it must hold forth to those who think of committing these crimes a real and adequate peril. Were it to become an accepted doctrine that circumstantial evidence cannot establish their guilt, immunity would virtually be granted them on the mere condition of exercising a moderate amount of care in committing their crime. Once in a long, long time some innocent man might be saved from unintentional injustice at the hands of the courts; but every year hundreds of innocent persons would suffer death at the hands of criminals who are now held in check by terror of the law. The man who will not convict on circumstantial evidence simply fails—whether owing to mawkish sentiment or to a conscientious scruple based on a cloudiness of thought—to do a duty that is as clearly necessary as any of those upon the performance of which the maintenance of the fabric of practical justice rests.

THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY.

The rumor of a great library of the classics, to be published by the munificence of Mr. James Loeb, has now been authoritatively confirmed. The editors are Mr. T. E. Page of Charterhouse and Dr. W. H. D. Rouse, headmaster of the Perse Grammar Echool, Cambridge, Eng., with whom is associated an advisory board composed of eminent American and European scholars. The following statement from a printed circular gives the main features of the plan:

> Mr. Heinemann and the Macmillan Company, New York, have pleasure in announcing the publication of a new series of Greek and Latin texts, with English translations upon the opposite page. Each volume will have a brief biographical and bibliographical preface and an index. The volumes will be issued at intervals—twenty in the first year—and will range from the time of Homer to the fall of Constantinople.

This we do not hesitate to pronounce a publication of magnificent promise for the higher things of the mind. Mr. Loeb will have raised to his name a monument more memorable than any pile of stone. The very importance of the project leads us to scan it narrowly.

Now, for use in the classroom such editions may not be of much service; the authors studied there are already printed in abundance and with every sort of editorial help. Nor is it clear that these books will appeal to a wide circle of readers who have no knowledge of the languages. For such readers the Greek or Latin text on alternate pages will simply be a bother, and most if not all of the authors they will care to look at are already available in translations. There remains a third class of readers—a dwindling class, it may be, and for that very reason to be tenderly considered. We mean those who, without being scholars, take some memory of the classics with them into the world and still at moments turn to a page of Horace or Cicero, and who would travel further in those realms of gold but for the difficulties of the way. They know that a translation can never give an equivalent joy for the original—can, for instance, any most cunning paraphrase carry the bitter and sweet savor of words so simple as these:

> Jam nec spes animi credula mutui?

But a translation on the opposite page will serve them for dictionary and grammar and tide them over dry and hard places. They need also brief and decisive notes. These ought to give the kind of simple information, biographical and other, for which the schoolboy is properly sent to books of reference. And they ought, imperatively, to be at the bottom of the page and not relegated to an appendix.

To strengthen and multiply such readers as these will in the end best promote the plan of Mr. Loeb's library "to revive interest in classical literature in an age when the humanities are being neglected more perhaps than at any time since the Middle Ages, and when men's minds are turning more than ever before to the practical and the material." Long ago Philip Freneau in one of his satires vowed

> That Latin and Hebrew, Chaldaic and Greek,
> To the shades of oblivion must certainly sneak;
> Too much of our time is employed on such trash
> When we ought to be taught to accumulate cash.

We have been well taught in that lesson. It is said that the classics are a lost cause, that Greek is dead and Latin is dying. But they are not dead and will not die.

Attention may be asked to an aspect of the classics which is too often overlooked. They may rouse us from the baser forms of materialism and teach us, as Marcus Aurelius says, to look on beauty with a chaste eye; but they are needed also to protect us against the very excess of our own virtues, and in this office no modern literature can help us in anything like the same way. They may open our minds to the difference between humanism and humanitarian-

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ism, between perception of the values of life in themselves and active sympathy for those who have missed these values. Without the former our sympathies are, after all, but treading in a blind circle, helping others to help others to we know not just what. And it is well to remember sometimes that the individual soul has its own claims. How much better shall we be if the nations are all at peace with one another, but there is no peace in our own hearts? How much happier shall we be if we settle all the grave questions of labor and capital, but ourselves lose the gracious art of living? There is a distinct danger in the harsh division within society, sometimes within the individual man, between a grasping materialism and a loose sympathy. And just because the classics are strong in humanism and relatively weak in humanitarianism they may bring us to a better balance and a surer purpose. We need the principle of sympathy, but we need also to learn once more the values of life and to be saved from unconscious hypocrisies. There lies before us a little volume, printed at the Elm Tree Press, in which Mr. Charles Loomis Dana and Mr. John Cotton Dana present "The Letters of Horace" to modern readers. The book is designed for the "gentleman" reader who knows even less Latin than Shakespeare knew, and by its form and spirit well fulfils its end. Turning the pages we have been stopped by this neat translation of the famous epistle to Horace's brother-poet:

> Tibullus, fair-minded critic of my Satires that you are, tell me what you are doing now at your country seat near Pedum? Are you writing things which will surpass the small works of Cassius? Or sauntering quietly among your peaceful groves, intent on whatever pleases a wise and upright man? You were never one who lacked a soul. The gods have given you beauty, wealth, and the skill to enjoy it. What more could a kind nurse ask for her dear child than that he have wisdom; that he be able to speak what he feels; that a good name and good health be his, together with a good table and no lack of money?
>
> Amid hopes and cares, amid fears and keen regrets, think that each new day which dawns will be your last; then the hour for which we do not hope will come as a glad surprise.

The letter finds its complement in the close of another in which Horace gives his own creed:

> Sed satis est orare Jovem quæ donat et aufert;
> Det vitam, det opes, æquum mi animum ipse parabo.

Whatever shape the volumes of the Loeb Library may take, we hope and believe they will perform a large service in spreading the "everlasting consolation of the classics" and in keeping alive through forgetful times the true humanism as Horace expressed it to his friends and to himself.

THE VANITY OF EDUCATION.

It is impossible not to admire the courage of Mr. R. T. Crane of Chicago in bringing a railing accusation against all our higher education. He makes thorough work of it. First he disposed of the universities. Next he exposed higher schooling in general. His "Demoralization of College Life" followed, but this was only a side-investigation, a by-product, as it were, of his factory. Now, he returns to the main line of his attack, and issues in pamphlet form an address on "The Futility of Technical Schools." This is plainly to assault higher education in its last bastion. Doubts about the value of high schools and colleges and universities have crept into the minds of many "practical" Americans, but most of them have been ready until now to swear by technical education. It is, indeed, the growing zeal for that which has made inroads into the old courses of study, brought in all the new ideas about "vocational" training of our boys and girls, and broken down the classical curriculum by the forcing in of so much science. In fact, the way of salvation for the modern world has been said by many authorities to lie in the development of technical education. German superiority in that line has affrighted England and led her to bestir herself. American efforts in the same direction have been notable in recent years. We have had many new foundations for technical education and seen old ones greatly enlarged. But now comes Mr. Crane to tell us that all this is vanity and vexation of spirit.

His specifications are advanced with great confidence and with what he admits to be "harshness." The popularity of technical schools is due to the fact that they "afford educators opportunity to humbug you and the public, . . . all of which is a part of the whole higher educational scheme to fleece you and the public." Boys in such schools are there "simply through the grossest deception." Mr. Crane challenges the "heads of these institutions" to show "any substantial results of such training." Indeed, he went to headquarters, and wrote to a dozen institutes of technology to demand the names and addresses of firms that employed their graduates. Most of them "either refused to give the information or dodged the question." Naturally, Mr. Crane's worst fears were confirmed. After that it was hardly necessary for him to press home the argument that "this country was immensely successful before the technical schools were established."

Let it not be thought that Mr. Crane is simply a destructive critic. He has his alternative to propose. It is "experience." Instead of wasting six or eight years in technical schools, let the bright boys of sixteen or seventeen be put at once into the shop. Shift them about from one machine to another, let the employers and foremen keep a sharp eye upon them and help and advance them as occasion offers, and then, with an attendance on night schools "as much as is necessary," and with the reading of useful books, you would turn out engineers "likely to make their mark." At most, they would need only about six months in a technical school to get "further information." Thus it appears that Mr. Crane would not entirely abolish institutes of technology. He would preserve them for the purpose of giving six-month courses to young fellows from the factories.

It would be easy to ridicule this address of the Chicago manufacturer, of which we have sought to give a fair summary, but to us it seems more pathetic than amusing. Seldom can the fallacy of "experience" have been exhibited more glaringly. Yet Mr. Crane argues with great sincerity straight from his own life. "For the past fifty-seven years," he says, "I have been engaged actively in the manufacturing business"; and if success such as his could be won without ever having seen the inside of a technical school, what possible need is there of that kind of training? He does not put it so baldly as that, but the inference runs all through his pamphlet. It is one long glorification of the rule of thumb. We have had great engineers who were largely self-educated, so why not insist that everybody shall educate himself in the dear school of experience?

Now, it is pretty obvious that Mr. Crane

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has very little first-hand and accurate knowledge of the work of the technical schools upon whose "futility" he descants. He fails by his own test of "experience"; he would have scant patience with anybody who should submit a business proposal about which he knew as little directly as Mr. Crane knows about the institutions he so rudely assails. He cannot be aware how intensely practical is the discipline of these schools; how in their laboratories and shops they seek to give their students a vivid sense of scientific truth in actual application, thus affording them a controlled and concentrated "experience" certainly worth as much as anything to be gained in the routine of a factory. Nor can Mr. Crane be familiar with the fact that technical students are regularly and frequently sent to inspect the great engineering and manufacturing plants, so that their knowledge of modern processes may be kept up to date. Severe mathematical and mechanical studies are, of course, made compulsory, but the aim is throughout to show how they impinge on practice. At bottom, there is no such antithesis between experience and education as Mr. Crane imagines. A sound technical education gives the student the garnered experience of the whole world. It saves him from wasting time and strength in lines of inquiry or invention that have again and again been shown to lead nowhither. Futility for futility, what can be greater than that of the untrained man, even if of marked natural ability, blundering painfully along for lack of the special knowledge which the schools exist to give him?

THE ITALIAN POINT OF VIEW.

ROME, October 20, 1911.

Giuseppe Mazzini, the great apostle of liberty and the hater of oppression in every form, was the first Italian statesman to assert the natural rights of his country in Northern Africa. "Northern Africa," he said in 1838, "is Italy's business." The first to give effect to the doctrine of the theoretical statesman was the practical statesman, Francesco Crispi, who is chiefly noted in the superficial knowledge of the general public as the author of the Abyssinian disaster. It is very doubtful, however, if he can justly be held responsible for this, and it is certain that for many years he was almost alone in the assertion of the policy that has finally become national. He was, as is well known, the great promoter of the Triple Alliance, and, at a time when Italy was weak, France openly hostile, and Austria still smarting under the loss of her rich Italian provinces, saw clearly that the true line of policy for his country lay in a good understanding with Germany, for which Bismarck, apparently with more sincerity than he usually showed in his foreign negotiations, had declared himself quite ready. As early as 1877 Crispi, though at that time in the Home and not in the Foreign Office, strongly urged this policy upon the Prime Minister, Depretis, who, then as always, cowardly and temporizing, took no decisive action. Depretis was succeeded as Prime Minister by Cairoli, who was strongly opposed to the whole African policy. The result was that at the Congress of Berlin in 1878 Tripoli was not given to Italy outright, but she was to be allowed to "penetrate" it commercially and industrially. France, on the contrary, got a free hand in Tunis, which she was not slow to use. Not only for its intrinsic value, but also for strengthening France's position in Algeria, French statesmen, especially Ferry, Hanotaux, and Delcassé, realized the importance of acquiring that country, which in 1881 became a French protectorate. Italians were naturally preoccupied and discontented, but again Crispi was almost the only one of their statesmen to see what would be the enormous loss to Italy in commercial, political, and military prestige if more of the North African coast, especially that part of it directly opposite to Italy, should come into the possession of any other European Power. Even then it could be foreseen that it could not long remain under the control of Turkey.

In 1882 Italy had another chance. England offered her a share in the protectorate of Egypt, which Crispi again strongly urged the Government to accept, but again without success. In the same year the Triple Alliance was formed including Germany, Austria, and Italy; and Italy's object in forming a part of it was not only to secure herself on the Continent against the hostility of France, but also to safeguard her interests in the Mediterranean. Germany had already offered to support Italy in Tunis against France, of course with the object of embroiling the two countries, but when the Triple Alliance was first formed in 1882, and also when it was renewed in 1886, refused to give Italy a guarantee for Tripoli. Germany was not, to be sure, at that time a great naval power, and would have had some difficulty in making a demonstration of force in the Mediterranean. At any rate, from 1886 to 1896, Italy's policy toward France was one of steady and consistent hostility, which was due chiefly to conflict of interests in the Mediterranean, and was signalized by such incidents as the denunciation of the Franco-Italian commercial treaty in 1886, by the sending of an English fleet to Italian waters in 1888, caused by the rumor of a French attack upon Spezia, by the massacre of Aigues Mortes in 1893, and finally by French aid given to the Abyssinians in the African war.

It was because of the bitter disillusions of this African war, and because the Triple Alliance gave no support in the Mediterranean, that Italian policy turned squarely about and tended toward a reconciliation with France. The able diplomacy of the Marquis Visconti-Venosta, Minister for Foreign Affairs from 1896 to 1898, had already gone far in this direction, when the Fashoda affair between France and England, and Visconti-Venosta's unfortunate retirement from the Foreign Office, dealt another blow to Italy's ambitions in North Africa. The vast *hinterland* attributed to Tripoli, which was determined largely by the caravan-routes that give an outlet to her trade and extended far beyond Tibesti to the region determined in an indefinite way by Lake Chad, was for the most part shorn away by the French-English compacts of 1899 that grew out of the Fashoda incident. Turkey, of course, could offer no resistance, though she had publicly asserted her right to the whole territory involved. Italy was so badly served by her Foreign Minister, Admiral Canevaro, that he entered not even a protest, though the Italian consul at London had given him a plain intimation of what was going forward.

Visconti-Venosta, having returned to the Foreign Office in 1899, immediately set about saving what he could from the wreck, and the next year came to an agreement with France that recognized the paramount rights and interests of Italy in the Tripolitania and Cyrenaica and that afterwards was confirmed by England. Germany, though temporarily estranged by Italy's attitude at the Algeciras Conference, had no objections to offer. Thus there was left only one power to be feared, Austria namely, which, though Italy's ally, was notoriously not her friend. And this one remaining obstacle was ably removed by Tittoni, Minister for Foreign Affairs in 1908, at the time of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. He acquiesced in this annexation in return for a free hand in Tripoli. Since he could not publish this compact at the time, a great outcry was raised against him for weakly yielding to a hostile power two rich provinces that made her still stronger in the Mediterranean. In matter of fact, Bosnia and Herzegovina had been placed under an Austrian protectorate and administration by the Congress of Berlin, and Tittoni, merely by agreeing that a *de facto* should be changed to a *de jure* condition, procured a highly important concession from Italy's most dangerous and jealous neighbor.

All these negotiations, on the whole,

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need no explanation or gloss, but they involve one implication that cannot be too strongly emphasized, that Turkey has never been consulted. The European doctrine in regard to Africa is the complete reverse of the Monroe Doctrine in regard to America: that is to say, Europe maintains that the African continent is still open to colonization. The Powers have pledged themselves to preserve the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, but this applies only to Turkey in Europe and Asia.

During the whole of the period with which I have dealt, Turkey has treated Italy quite differently from the other nations with which she has had to do. The Porte knew, of course, that Italy was the weakest of them all, and that in the first years of the African negotiations France was openly her foe. And it is well known how, for a long time, Turkish diplomacy was ably directed to sowing dissension among the Powers that were waiting to profit by her dismemberment, and yet wished to keep her good will for the gaining of concessions in the Balkans and Asia Minor. But here enters another consideration to which enough importance has not been attributed: the large Italian population throughout the entire Turkish domain in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Italian industrial and commercial enterprise is no new thing in the eastern Mediterranean region. It began long before the union of the kingdom, in fact, much of it is left over from the commercial enterprise of Venice, Genoa, and other Italian republics in the East. Italian is the language of education and commerce in Albania, the Venetian dialect is still understood on the Armenian coast, while in cities like Constantinople and Smyrna the Italian population is numerous and wealthy. At Smyrna, the rug industry is almost entirely in their hands, and they have lately organized a rug Trust capitalized at $50,000,000.

Such being the historical and actual conditions, it is not hard to find reasons for a hostility of the Turks against the Italians such as they have against no other European nation. The Italians were their first enemies in the Mediterranean, and contributed largely to the arresting of their westward march. As the two peoples have so long lived locally together, but separated by race, language, and religion, there has naturally been much cause for attrition between them. Finally, since the Turk in the bottom of his heart hates all the Europeans who have invaded and dismembered his empire, but fears the other nations more and knows them less, he has naturally vented most of his spite against the Italians.

Since the Young Turks' revolution in 1908, which at first won the sympathy of the Italians as of most other Europeans, this anti-Italian feeling has become violent. In fact, under the old régime, it was no more than could be endured, and the Italian attitude toward Tripoli was one of expectancy. But in the very year 1908 occurred the murder of two Italian subjects for which no satisfaction was ever given, though it is well known who the assassins were. All kinds of injury, from slights to open outrage, have been inflicted on Italian authorities and subjects; Italian industries and commerce in the whole of Turkey, and especially in Tripoli, have been hindered in every possible way, until all Europe has regarded with amazement, and not without contempt, the weak-spirited endurance on the part of the nation, which is so little characteristic of individual Italians. The Turks came to believe that all protests and intimations of an almost exhausted patience could be passed by unheeded. They were fatally mistaken. The fact was that during almost the whole of the three years since 1908 the Italian Premier, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Ambassador to Turkey have been pusillanimous and cowardly. The indignation of the people grew until its ministers were forced to act. In this way is to be explained the abruptness of the Italian ultimatum, which the foreign press has so liberally criticised for its diplomatic incorrectness. A weak foreign minister, who should have assumed a firm tone long before, when he finally did act was pushed to extremes by the will of the nation; and the Turks were not ready to treat until they knew that the Italian warships were under way.

The Turkish government in Tripoli has been nothing but a military occupation and a levying of taxes. The effects of its incompetence and misrule politically, economically, and morally are simply a scandal and an affront to civilization. The right of the Turks to the country is a right of conquest that dates back only to 1835, and this they have long since forfeited by reducing a naturally rich territory to utter misery and degradation. Fortunately, on this subject it is not necessary to depend on the interested opinions of the Italians themselves. In 1894 Crispi commissioned the celebrated German explorer, Gerhard Rohlfs, the only European who had a thorough and competent knowledge of Tripolitania and Cyrenaica, to submit an exhaustive report on their actual condition and possible resources. This document has recently come to light and has been printed in full by the *Ragione* of Milan. I cite a few eloquent figures.

In the years 1900-1903, in fourteen out of twenty administrative districts, the Arabs had cut down 15,651 palm, olive, and lemon trees to avoid the payment of the taxes which were almost always greater than the income from the crops. In twenty-seven districts, during the same period, 1,812 natives had been imprisoned and 127 sent into exile. From 1887 to 1893 there had been 14,656 confiscations of property, 11,252 cases of unpaid taxes had been tried in the administrative courts, and 7,927 similar cases were pending. The natives with property who were not despoiled by the government usually fell a prey to the usurers. From Rohlfs's investigation it appeared that in the decade from 1884 to 1893 two-thirds of the property acquired by Greeks, Maltese, and Jews came from the spoliation of the Arabs. The report further describes the almost incredible moral turpitude of the Turkish rulers, and the vices not only practised but encouraged by them, in terms that had better not be transcribed. For public instruction the Turkish Government is now spending $6,600 a year, for sanitation $55.60. The only good schools in the country have been founded and administered by Italians.

The commerce of Tripolitania and Cyrenaica put together now amounts to about $10,000,000 annually, a small showing as compared with $120,000,000 for Algeria and more than $50,000,000 for Tunis. But it must be borne in mind that Tunis before the French occupation was commercially in no better condition than Tripoli is now. France has moreover used every effort to attract the caravan traffic from the direction of Benghazi and Tripoli to the oasis of Gadames and from thence to Tunis. As to natural resources, the Italian consul Medana has affirmed that of the million square kilometres in Tripolitania, 388,620 are at present capable of cultivation, as against 287,000 square kilometres in Italy. And much more of the land that is now unproductive could be redeemed by irrigation. The deposits of sulphur and phosphates are very rich, and Rohlfs had no doubt that iron, argentiferous lead, and zinc would also be found. His opinion, in short, was that Tunis is not worth the tenth part of Tripoli.

An article by the Hon. Luigi Luzzatti, the eminent economist and late prime minister, in the Milan *Corriere della Sera* for October 16, should allay the fears that have been expressed, more or less sincerely, in the foreign press that Italy cannot find the money to conduct the war and exploit the country. This vast North African region will also serve as an outlet for Italian emigration. North and South America are not the paradise for Italian workmen that many Americans suppose. From the large sums sent back by Italian emigrants should be deducted the money borrowed and the property sold at a ruinous loss to pay the expenses of the journey. The emigrant who returns well-to-do has often permanently injured his health by hardship, privation, and vice, and in many communities that

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have been improved by the money brought back from America diseases like syphilis and tuberculosis are rife, where they were unknown before. Add to this that so many strong sons of Italy are forever lost to their country, and it is not hard to see why many Italian publicists, among them Professor Villari of Florence, believe that Italy suffers more than she gains from emigration to America. With commerce, industry, and agriculture developing in Tripoli, at a distance of only thirty-six hours from Sicily, it is certain that much emigration will be diverted from the Americas to a more hospitable climate and country, to the great advantage of Italy and probably of the emigrants themselves. H. E.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Book collectors seem to be taking a new interest in the first editions of Robert Louis Stevenson, and the rarer items are bringing increasingly higher prices. Among little-known books to which he was a contributor is that amusing "Ouida-romance" of which mention is made in one or two of the Vailima letters: "An Object of Pity; or, The Man Haggard, a Romance, by Many Competent Hands," "Imprinted at Amsterdam."

It was in August, 1892, while Lady Jersey, the wife of the Governor of New South Wales, and her daughter were in Samoa, visiting Bazett Michael Haggard, the British land commissioner, that "a joint stock novel, in which each author was to introduce his or her own portrait, while all were to imitate the style of Ouida," was planned and carried out. Stevenson's own contribution consists, besides the Dedication, of chapter iv, "Late, Ever Late," containing his own description of himself, and an extract from "Tusitala's Samoid, Canto XII." The other contributors were the Countess of Jersey, her brother, Capt. Rupert Leigh, Mrs. Stevenson, her daughter, Isobel Strong, and Stevenson's cousin, Graham Balfour. On Lady Jersey's return to Sydney, the story was printed, a few copies only, with the bogus "Imprinted at Amsterdam."

In 1898 it was again printed, this time in Edinburgh, by T. & A. Constable, twenty-five copies only (of which Nos. 1 to 6 were on Japanese paper), for presentation "to the writers and a few of their personal friends." This edition, which is even rarer than the first, contains an interesting Introductory Note by Lady Jersey, and three illustrations, reproduced in color from drawings by Mrs. Strong. These illustrations are accompanied by descriptive verses from the pen of "Tusitala" (Stevenson's Samoan name), making this also a first edition of Stevenson. No copy of this second edition has, so far as we know, come upon the auction market.

In Col. W. F. Prideaux's admirable "Bibliography of Stevenson" he describes a single sheet, containing a sonnet by Stevenson, beginning:

> We found him first as in the Dells of May
> The Dreaming Damsel finds the Earliest Flower.

This, he explains, is one of a series of sonnets written by Stevenson in memory of Peter Brash, an Edinburgh tavern-keeper, whose place was a favorite resort in Stevenson's university days. These sonnets are referred to once or twice in the letters as "Brashiana," and it has been supposed that the one indicated above was the only one printed. Another impression of this was sold at Sotheby's last spring, and accompanying it, on the same sheet, was a second sonnet:

> We found him and we lost. The glorious Brash
> Fell like the cedar on the mountain side.

The sheet upon which these two sonnets were printed formed four quarto pages, of which pages 2 and 4 were blank. Several additional "Brashiana" sonnets exist in manuscript.

The Bibliophile had the great pleasure of seeing, in September, in Col. Prideaux's library, on the Isle of Thanet, two of the rarest Stevenson leaflets, the two poems written for "The Thompson Class Club," one in 1883 and the other in 1885. At the Edinburgh Academy, which Stevenson attended from 1861 to 1865, it was the custom for each class to have the same master during the four years in the school. The teacher of Stevenson's class was D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson, the class being known as the "Thompson class," and the members dining together once a year afterwards. Stevenson is known to have written verses for these gatherings, and the two poems which were printed are, perhaps, the rarest of Stevenson items. In fact, we know of no copy of either in America. The first of these, printed in 1883, is an octavo of four pages, with heading, "To the Thompson Class Club from Their Stammering Laureate." There are fourteen stanzas, signed at end "R. L. S. For Christmas, 1883." This poem has not been reprinted. The second, written and printed in 1885, is a similar four-page leaflet, with heading, "The Laureat Ste'enson to the Thamson Class." This poem, of ten stanzas, in broad Scotch, was included in "Underwoods," in 1887, with the altered title, "Their Laureate to an Academy Class Dinner Club."

Correspondence

CRIMINAL APPEAL IN ENGLAND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In an editorial in the *Nation* of October 19 it is stated that "the first capital case was recently passed upon" by the English Court of Criminal Appeal, and that this case revealed the "surprising" fact that "the court is not able, under the law, to order a new trial." The case referred to is evidently Rex v. Ellson, reported in the London *Times* of September 29. The judgment of the court was rendered by Mr. Justice Darling, who stated that this was "the first capital case in which the court has felt it necessary to set aside the conviction." The first appeal in a capital case was heard by the court on July 17, 1908, and since then twenty such cases have been decided.

It is difficult to see why the fact that the Court of Criminal Appeal has not the power to grant a new trial should be deemed surprising. The judgment of Mr. Justice Darling furnishes no ground for such surprise, for he said:

> The case before them made it obligatory upon them to repeat what the Lord Chief Justice had said before, that it appeared to the court, with the experience which it had had, that it was greatly to be regretted that they had no power in such a case to order a new trial.

At the third sitting of the court on May 25, 1908, Lord Chief Justice Alverstone said:

> It was much to be regretted that Parliament had not given the court power to order a new trial.

Section 20 of the Criminal Appeal act expressly abolishes the practice of granting new trials in criminal cases, and section 4 provides that "if an appeal against conviction is allowed the court shall quash the conviction and direct a verdict and judgment of acquittal to be entered."

Twenty-seven bills giving a right of appeal to defendants in criminal cases were introduced in Parliament from 1843 to 1906. Twenty-three of these bills provided that new trials should be allowed in certain cases. The Council of Judges, held in 1894, strongly opposed the granting of new trials, and urged that "if the first conviction is wrong the accused ought not to be put in jeopardy again." In 1906 Lord Chancellor Loreburn introduced in the House of Lords a bill providing for the establishment of a court of criminal appeal. The bill, as originally drawn, did not provide for the granting of a new trial, but this provision was later inserted by amendment. The House of Lords passed the amended bill, but before it came to a second reading in the House of Commons it was withdrawn because of opposition directed partially against the provision for the granting of new trials. A bill, introduced in 1907, denying to the court the right to grant a new trial was enacted into the present law. Thus it will be seen that Parliament did intend that a defendant who had been improperly convicted should not be subjected to a second trial.

E. R. K.

Chicago, October 30.

[We were obviously in error about "the first capital case." But the openly expressed "regret" of the court, with its hope that the law would be amended, bore out our general comment.—Ed. The Nation.]

ENGLISH RHYTHM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of October 12, discussing Professor Matthews's scansion of certain lines of Browning's, Professor Goodell objects to the indication of a pause after "Byng" in the verse,

> Kentish Sir Byng stood for his king—

asking, "Do our ears really report any period of silence?". Since such a question invites testimony, I beg to depose that my ears *do* report a period of silence in the line quoted, and still more emphatically do they report the pause after "troop" in—

> And pressing a troop unable to stoop.

This difference of judgment would be of small moment, so far as these two lines are concerned, if it did not raise important allied questions regarding the compromises or contradictions which are involved in any system of verse notation.

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While I greatly prefer Mr. Matthews's notation to Mr. Goodell's, for such "equivalences" as have just been exemplified, I should be the last to admit that there is no compensatory lengthening of the syllables in question—that it is all a matter of a pause or silence. It seems clear to me that a little of each method of compensation is involved, here and in all such cases, and that no single practical system of notation can represent the complex facts involved in the actual reading of these metrical feet. I prefer the caret indicating the pause, even if the pause is not the whole story, because I believe it to be a very important and characteristic story, which the student should be trained to observe.

And this leads to a still more significant matter involved in Mr. Goodell's article—the divergent conceptions of the true boundaries of individual feet. We are here, also, I think, in the presence of two logically irreconcilable but actually co-existent phenomena: the feeling of the English reader that the foot is a fixed unit of time, and the feeling that it is (in iambic verse) made up of a pair of syllables. Why is it that the unsophisticated reader, and Mr. Saintsbury, and the present writer, all naturally look at the first foot of the line,

And never from this palace of dim night,

as consisting of the first two syllables thereof, although no one of us would, I suppose, fail to hurry over the first syllable of "never" as Mr. Goodell wishes us to do? It may, of course, be argued that it is only because we have been trained to a false system of nomenclature and notation. But the point I wish to make is that the fact that we constantly think of the feet of iambic blank verse in terms of two-syllable pairs, that we continue to think so even when presented with so unpromising a pair of "shorts" as "and nev—," and that we constantly make some effort to fit these pairs to the time of the rhythmical unit-foot, is as significant as the fact that our actual utterance of the verse is often inconsistent with that concept. And we have very important support in the practice of the poets, since they commonly keep to multiples of two syllables with extraordinary regularity, despite variations in the natural length of the syllables. To put the same matter more concretely, if Tennyson could conceive of a line of blank verse as divided into such feet as Mr. Goodell indicates for this one,—

Long | lines of | cliff | breaking have | left a | chasm,

why did he never introduce a monosyllabic foot into this metre without an accompanying trisyllabic? The answer seems to me to be certain: He did not think of any such monosyllabic foot; as with most writers and readers of English verse, the concept of the two-syllable foot was as real to him as that of the time-unit foot.

It is important, then, to recognize the fact that (especially in our blank verse, and to a somewhat slighter degree in the other forms of iambic pentameter) we may and do *think* dissyllabic feet while actually throwing them into inconsistent time-periods. This, after all, is, perhaps, no stranger than our ability to *think* an accent on the last syllable of "liberty," when it happens to rhyme with "free,"—an accent to which no one ever gives utterance—or, for that matter, to think, as some do, that "gray" and "grey" are quite different colors, and that a ghost which through the triumph of spelling reform had lost its "h" would also have lost its terrors.

RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN.

The University of Illinois, October 30.

OLD HYMNS AND NEW CREEDS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is encouraging to read in an article on "Weeding Out the Hymn Books," the *Nation* of October 19, that "there is a movement in several churches to revise their hymn books."

The other day, while searching through the book shelves in the attic for a strayed copy of Jerome's "Editio Vulgata," I came across an old hymn book, which by its looks invited me to open. I am old enough to be familiar with many of these hymns, which I heard in my childhood, and which live in my memory still.

The prevailing note seemed to be "individualism," so to speak, and "otherworldliness," the desire to save one's own precious soul in another world, with no hint of the altruistic spirit that pervades our modern conceptions of religion. The burden of the hymns I looked over seems to be a longing for freedom from all activity except playing on a harp, an intense longing for rest, eternal rest.

In those easy-going days, as I recall them, there was nothing of

The weariness, the fever, and the fret

of modern life, and I am at a loss to account for that tired feeling which the hymns express. I think that most of us in this athletic age would decline a harp, and to many of us the idea of everlasting rest is as repugnant as to the ancients, who regarded it as one of the punishments of Hades.

The contrast between the religious sentiment expressed in these hymns and that of to-day is strikingly shown by a report, in a Sunday paper, of the Interchurch Conservation Congress which lately held a session in Decatur, Ill. According to press dispatches, the congress, "believing that the country church is failing in its purpose because it does not minister to the needs of its people in social and physical ways, as well as spiritual, adopted resolutions endorsing the idea of installing tennis courts, baseball diamonds, and providing gymnasium apparatus for its members. It was the consensus of opinion that the preacher who is unable to further the interests of his congregation by supervising their play, participating in their athletic contests, and entering into the work of improving their physical as well as mental being should be asked to quit."

This leaves no doubt that we are truly living in an athletic age. A part of the editorial comments on these resolutions is here quoted:

The letter of the future candidate will doubtless read somewhat as follows: "The Reverend Boanerges Biceps desires to present himself as a candidate for the pulpit of the Woody Dell Church in Pioneer Township. Weighs in at 176 pounds; batting record in the Interseminary Alliance, .326; tennis championship (singles) in his middle year; has a record on St. Andrew Carnegie's golf course of 93; fair fencer; excellent man on parallel bars and vaulting horse; sings comic songs well; some experience in amateur dramatics; plays the banjo and duplicate whist acceptably on week days except in Lent.

Here in the West the ranks of evangelists have been occasionally recruited from retired baseball and football players who have "lost out." In an Illinois town, so the papers report, one such evangelist, after a three weeks' exhibition, left with five thousand dollars in his pocket. Hence the rush.

EDWARD A. ALLEN.

Columbia, Mo., October 29.

NOT NEWS AND NEWS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a recent editorial of the *Nation* (September 28) I find quoted a saying of Charles A. Dana; "When a dog bites a man, that's not news; when a man bites a dog, that's news." It may interest some of your readers to be reminded that this is a variant of an apothegm which appears in the classical literatures in more than one form. Plutarch, in his "Apophthegmata Laconica" (p. 224E), says that Leotychides, son of Ariston, when certain diviners announced as a portent the fact that a snake had coiled itself around the bolt of a door, replied, "It doesn't seem so to me, but if the bolt had coiled itself around the snake that would be a portent." Clement of Alexandria ("Stromata," vii, 25) attributes this same remark to Diogenes, and Cicero ("De Divinatione," ii, 62) recounts it without naming its author. In the lines just before those cited from the "Stromata" (vii, 24) Clement says that Bion the Borysthenite remarked: "What wonder if the mouse, not finding anything to eat, has eaten the meal sack? For this would be the thing worthy of note, if the meal sack had eaten the mouse," and that Bion ascribed this saying to Arcesilaus. Finally, Augustine ("De Doctrina Christiana," ii, 20) quotes Cato, when consulted by a man whose boots had been eaten by mice, as replying that there might have been real reason for wonder if the reverse had been the case.

Is the similarity between the ancient and the modern in these stories fortuitous, is it due to a reminiscence on Mr. Dana's part of the classics, of which he was a careful student, or is his remark based upon some intermediate form perhaps better known to him than was any one of the originals?

ARTHUR STANLEY PEASE.

Urbana, Ill., October 24.

TAXING SOUVENIRS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: An almost pathetic side of the tariff question is seen in connection with the rule excluding trifling souvenirs from the $100 exemption of returning travellers. From our normal schools and teachers' colleges are sent out annually hundreds of young women to teach in public schools at salaries of $400 and up—and not very far up. Filled with interest in their history, art, etc., they start to save for a European trip. Wonderful as it may seem, they *do* save the five or six hundred dollars that will pay the necessary travelling expenses and allow a few dollars to "spend." They do not want to buy clothing. They do want, as gifts or as treasures in memory of the great event, a bit of Dresden china or Venetian glass, a Roman lamp, a Nuremberg

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toy, and a few good photographs. No one article costs above two or three dollars.

There could be no protection in such cases, and the revenue is so slight as to suggest that Uncle Sam will soon tax the pennies in the babies' banks. M. B. P.

Ypsilanti, Mich., October 17.

Literature

THE MYSTIC LIFE.

Mysticism: A Study in the Nature and Development of Man's Spiritual Consciousness. By Evelyn Underhill, New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

With the modest title of An Introduction to Mysticism, we are here offered an unusually complete guide to the interior or hidden life, admirable alike for its restrained style and for its balanced treatment of a subject which has been so often associated with quite the opposite qualities. After the vagaries of the so-called New Thought one is relieved to find so sane a study of what has been the old thought upon the transcendental order.

The distinction between the sensible and the supersensible furnishes that valid double interpretation which is generally characteristic of this book. Any experience in the mystic way, we are told, may be looked at from two points of view: we may see it, with the psychologist, as a moment in the history of mental development, governed by the more or less mechanical laws which so conveniently explain to him the psychic life of man; or, with the mystic himself, we may see it as a step toward that goal of mystical activity where there is "everywhere one Being, one Life." Taking, then, as her point of departure the assumption that the supersensible is somehow important, and can be influenced by the activities of man, the author makes an ingenious approach to the heights of transcendentalism by an appeal to that half-way house inhabited by the Vitalists. Vitalism is called the first contribution of the twentieth century to the history of man's quest of "reality," and is rightly described as being in its theory of knowledge close to that of the mystics. It is, moreover, a brilliant stroke to describe Driesch and Bergson and Eucken as having turned materialism inside out in that they present to us the universe as an expression of life, not life as an expression and by-product of the universe.

It is true that the Vitalists in their theory of knowledge are close to the mystics, but it will not do to over-emphasize that fact. Driesch, indeed, revives the doctrine of the entelechy, or spiritual principle, but does not lose sight of the physical organism; Bergson employs intuition but bases it upon biology; and Eucken calls upon the life of the spirit but does not forget the lower of the two levels—the natural. In their theory of knowledge these men may be idealists, in their theory of being they are realists, and would scarcely agree with the statement that the only escape from skepticism is by recourse to man's innate but strictly irrational instinct for that "Real above all reason, beyond all thought." This is only one side, even of mysticism, for elsewhere the author herself acknowledges that there is a dual character to the spiritual consciousness: first, there is the union with Life, with the World of Becoming; and parallel with it the illumination by which the mystic "gazes upon a more veritable world." Here, as generally throughout the book, the writer uses a consistent parallelism: the transcendental is her quest, but the temperamental is that necessary instrument whereby the sensuous symbol is so traced as to make it known that all mystics come from the same country.

It is a safe road that has two straight sides, fixed lines that lie in strict parallelism. Hence in the succeeding chapter on mysticism and psychology it is unfortunate that the description of the former in the terms of the latter is so strongly disparaged. We may agree in deploring the tendency of popular psychology to personify and exalt the subconscious; Americans know too well how the subliminal self has been turned into a waste-basket for all sorts of rubbish. Yet it seems going too far to say, after using the works of Cutten and Starbuck and James, that, when science attempts to lift the veil of Isis, she leaves only her dirty finger-marks behind. But such disparagement is perhaps more strictly directed against the French school and the researches of Murisier, Janet, and Ribot, who strive to find a pathological taint in all mystic experiences. The sanity of true mysticism may be shown, as here, by the comparative method. If the French have had representatives of the feminine hysterical type, such as Madame Guyon, the Germans have had the more virile representatives, such as Suso and Tauler.

In the chapter on the characteristics of mysticism an interesting attempt is made to substitute for William James's celebrated four marks of the mystic state another set of four, less inclusive, but possibly more precise. True mysticism is declared to be active and practical, not passive and theoretical; its aims wholly transcendental and spiritual; its object one of love, not of exploration; its goal, not intellectual realization, but a form of enhanced life. In general, the mark of the real practitioner is not to *know about* but to *be*, and, it is illogically added, it is the art of establishing one's *conscious* relation with the Absolute. But how can one be in conscious relation and yet, as is said earlier, deny that possible knowledge is to be limited to any process of "intellectation"? As Benjamin Franklin would say—"This is a kind of light about which I am much in the dark." The denial of any intellectual element in the mystic process is a pitfall: besides causing a neglect of the historic stage of illumination it does not fully agree with what is offered as one of the best modern definitions of mysticism as "in essence the concentration of *all* the forces of the soul upon a supernatural object"; it also compels the author to push from the mystic ladder the Christian Platonists and mystical philosophers, who are described as being no more mystics than the milestones on the Dover road are travellers to Calais.

Pointing out the confusing fact of an initial similarity of expression between many of the proceedings of the mystic and of the occultist, the author passes from the spurious to the genuine phenomena of the movement. In this second part of the book on the Mystic Way, the main strength of this study is shown in its thorough familiarity with the literature of Western mysticism from the beginnings of the Christian era to the death of William Blake. The dry facts of that period are given in a valuable appendix and bibliography, a sympathetic interpretation in minute descriptions of the Awakening, the Purification, and the Illumination of the self as drawn from the classic sources. Here, besides previously untranslated fragments from Meister Eckhart and Mechtild of Magdeburg, there are copious extracts from such exquisite "tasters of supreme experience" as Julian of Norwich and St. John of the Cross. But these chapters as well as those on the Dark Night of the Soul and the Unitive Life might well have been supplemented by extracts from certain of the genuine American mystics—among the Puritans Jonathan Edwards, among the Pennsylvania Pietists Conrad Beissel, among the moderns Upham, author of "The Interior or Hidden Life." We have an unbroken strain of the mystic ichor in our veins; Miss Underhill discovers it in Professor Royce, she might be interested to know that it is to be found in other academic circles besides Harvard, and that even from Columbia University there has come a mystic manual worthy to be ranked among the classics of the contemplative way.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Outcry. By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Did Mr. James first sketch this in dramatic form, and virtually "novelize" it as an afterthought? Or is it an experiment in the direction of a new composite medium? In effect and almost in substance, it is a social comedy in three acts. Its machinery is of the stage—and of a stage totally indifferent

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to the new cry against coincidence. Each of the "Books" is an act in one scene; and the exits and entrances manage themselves as conveniently as in "Box and Cox." The persons are Lord Theign, heir to a very ancient title and to all that traditionally goes with it; Lady Sandgate, of mature and somewhat pronounced charms, with whom Lord Theign maintains a guardedly romantic relation; Lord John, well-mannered but quite unprincipled son of a rather disreputable old gaming duchess; Lady Grace, daughter to Lord Theign and ninety-nine other earls, inexperienced, but ardent and high-spirited; Hugh Crimble, a budding connoisseur; and Mr. Breckenridge Bender, American millionaire and collector.

The scene of the first act is laid in the hall of Dedborough Place, ancestral country estate of Lord Theign. The setting is minutely described in the opening paragraphs. The time is afternoon. Lady Sandgate is a guest. Lord John comes to propose marriage to Lady Grace, Crimble to see the Dedborough pictures for their own sake, and Mr. Bender because he is "after" a great Sir Joshua which is the most precious of all the Dedborough treasures. There is a Lady Kitty in the background, youngest and favorite daughter of Lord Theign, a fast young beauty who has lost immense sums at bridge to Lord John's mother. Consequently, Lord Theign, displaying that quaint sense of honor which (according to all traditions of fiction and drama) governs the British aristocracy, bargains to give Lady Grace to Lord John in payment of Lady Kitty's debt. The opportunity for an effective series of situations in this scene is obvious. In the course of it Lord John is discomfited and Crimble attains the foreground. Mr. Bender is unshaken in his expectation of bagging a prize; and both Lord Theign and Lady Sandgate (who has a great-grandmother by Lawrence to dispose of), though full of noble sentiments, are apparently at his mercy.

The second and third acts are set in the drawing-room of Lady Sandgate's London house, at intervals of a few weeks. Lady Grace has fled there from the anger of her father; and either her presence or the intimacy between her hostess and Lord Theign, or the natural activities of Crimble and Bender afford sufficient theatrical excuse for the assembling of the entire cast, first of a morning and later for a conclusive afternoon. It is all excessively "well-built"; in fact, we suspect (without too narrow examination) that with scenery substituted for description, and commentary cut out, the thing actually is a play—the lines complete in themselves. The "outcry" is the sound made by the British public upon the rumor that Lord Theign is likely to let one of his masterpieces go to America. For the public believes with Crimble that the treasures of art are a national possession. Lord Theign and Lady Sandgate affect contempt for this theory, but in the end it prevails, and the great Bender retires frustrate. Bender, like the other persons, is in outline a conventional stage figure, but Mr. James has breathed the breath of life into him as into no other of these still sufficiently amusing figures.

Victor Olnee's Discipline. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Bros.

Not long ago, it will be recalled, in a series of papers grouped under the title "The Shadow World," Mr. Garland showed himself a close and interested student of the history of psychic phenomena. Here he reduces some of his experiences and speculations in this field to the form of fiction—or shall we say that he dresses them in the garb of fiction? His Victor Olnee and the other human figures in the book do not strongly take hold of the reader's imagination. The "love-interest" is labored, the plot as a whole is of little importance, and the whole performance is a bit of commentary rather than of creation. Victor Olnee is supposed to be the son of a "medium," who (not quite credibly) brings him up without knowledge of her professional life. He knows that she has a "ghost-room," and dislikes its atmosphere and that of the persons who frequent it. But when the opening scene of the story shows him a popular athlete and fraternity man at "Winona University," he is still unaware that the ghost-room pays for his pleasant college years. Then comes a newspaper exposure of Mrs. Olnee. Victor hastens to her, determined to cut her off from her way of life. He does not believe that she is deliberately a fakir, but he wishes to wrest her roughly from her self-delusions. As she sincerely believes in her "guides," this is impossible. He is somewhat consoled by the discovery that, though living in a shabby neighborhood, she numbers persons of wealth and fashion among her clients. Among other things, she tells these people how to invest their money. Presently there is a crash, the investments have gone wrong, and Mrs. Olnee is arrested for fraud. Her only defence is that certain "lying devils" must have taken the places of her guides. The question of her criminality turns upon her possession of unusual powers. Her defence is undertaken by a great lawyer, who is absolutely a disbeliever in psychic phenomena. With the aid of a skilful electrician he devises a series of tests which unmistakably prove Mrs. Olnee's power of moving bodies from which she is physically separated, and of producing apparitions which can be photographed. But the strain of the test results in the death of the medium. In the opinion of the electrician, these phenomena all attest the exertion of a force not understood by science. In some way the medium's mind or spirit causes the physical manipulation of tables, slates, and musical instruments. As for the "spirit pictures," they are "mental images" or "etheric selves" "transferred by some unknown mental power to the plates." This would seem to be Mr. Garland's own door of solution: we do not see that any better has been found.

Track's End. By Hayden Carruth. New York: Harper & Bros.

This is a boys' book of adventure, compounded after the most familiar and well-tried recipe. Left alone through a Dakota winter in a brand-new town at the "track's end," the hero has a series of experiences which should satisfy the most exacting reader of the *Youth's Companion.* He endures hunger, blizzards, and wounds; single-handed he meets and repels timber-wolves, marauding bands of Sioux, and a gang of desperate outlaws. He saves from fire and pillage the town, including a bank with a safe containing $20,000, and is rewarded by the benevolent old banker with a gold watch and chain. It is a pleasure to add that though the hero sheds a good deal of blood—his own and others'—he takes no lives except those of rabbits, wolves, and buffaloes. Like many others of its class, the story is told in a manner singularly business-like and unimaginative.

The Indiscretions of Maister Redhorn. By J. J. Bell. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

Here the author of "Wee Macgreegor" has provided a diverting series of experiences centring upon the person of as shrewd and kindly a being as one could easily imagine. The sort of quandary Maister Redhorn gets into may be illustrated by his adventure with the cat. Miss Waldie, for whom he is making an estimate for a most desirable job of papering and painting, gives him a commission to end the earthly career of an animal which she foolishly took to oblige a friend, and which has rewarded her kindness by killing and eating two of her canaries. The painter is sadly torn between his desire to please a prospective patron and his aversion to even a humane method of putting an animal to death. In the end he has recourse to an ingenious device which, while somewhat perilous for his reputation as a man of his word, enables him to avoid both Scylla and Charybdis.

A Weaver of Dreams. By Myrtle Reed. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It is rather pathetic to find in this novel, which follows so closely upon the tragic death of its popular author, more than her usual amount of fun and

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humor. Its gentle sentiment is familiar; the tender young love affairs, the even more tender middle-aged love affairs, the twittering of birds, the scent of flowers, the glow of sunsets. In and out among the young things move the figures of Aunt Belinda and Uncle Henry in rustic oddity; Miss Cynthia, of Dresden china exquisiteness, dealing out alternately unabashed sentiment and wise cynicism; Martin Chandler, cripple and dream-weaver, with counsels of patience and aspiration for all. Judith, the self-renunciating heroine, stands between the old and the young in a mellow light of serene generosity. And, as noted, over all troubled waters blows a fun-spiced air with salutary grace. It is charming to hear Aunt Belinda's dictum: "Fishin' ain't catchin'—it's just settin' in a boat and holdin' the pole and hopin'."

ITALY TO-DAY.

The New Italy: A Discussion of its Present Political and Social Conditions. Translated from "La Terza Italia: Lettere di un Yankee" of Federico Garlanda by M. E. Wood. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

This work, by Professor Garlanda of the University of Rome, made a stir in Italy, when first published about ten years ago, and it has run into several editions. The reason is obvious: it presents in readable form a criticism of contemporary Italy. The author is a man of weight, and though he can hardly be held competent to speak on all the topics he takes up, still, he always means to tell the truth, and, in matters of opinion, he may claim to be as well equipped as most of his critics.

The book is written in letters from an imaginary "Yankee" to friends in America—an old device, which allows more scope to the writer and enables him to assume an air of greater impartiality by drawing comparisons between the foreign country and his own. In fact, however, no "Yankee" would for a moment imagine that Professor Garlanda's comments on America were written by an American, and they might all be taken away without impairing the value of his survey of Italian conditions.

Like most Italians he is pessimistic. One of the traits which well-wishers of the New Italy most deplore is the habitual cynicism with which the New Italians have been running themselves down for the past forty years. Unquestionably, they have had cause enough for anxiety if not for gloom. Since Cavour died in 1861, they have had no statesman to guide them, and only one strong man, Crispi, who brought upon them the disastrous rupture with France and the final calamity in Abyssinia. Like ourselves, since the civil war, they have been living through a prosaic period which has seemed disenchanting in comparison with the years of patriotic exaltation which preceded it. They have had much political corruption, much graft, much downright peculation. On them, as on us, rapacious favored interests have fastened a high tariff. They have had also to bear the burden of militarism, which has been matched here by an enormous pension roll, the destroyer of patriotism. They, like us, disbelieve in the integrity of public men and in the honesty of any one who becomes rich. They see deputies go to Rome poor and return home after two or three terms with a fortune; so we are puzzled to understand how scores and scores of Congressmen grow into millionaires after a few years in Washington.

After all, however, it is not these parallels, which could be matched in other countries, which give Professor Garlanda's book its chief interest; it is, on the contrary, the customs and experiences peculiar to Italy. His account of the Mafia, for instance, or his analysis of the various political parties, conveys information of which the ordinary American knows little.

Even more important is the chapter on Church and State—a subject over which, for obvious reasons, Americans who have not been in Italy are perplexed. Since Italy is listed as a Roman Catholic country, they suppose that all Italians are rigid Papalists; but Professor Garlanda shows, and he is indubitably correct, that only a small minority of educated Italians would tolerate Papal interference in affairs that belong to the state, and that not one in ten, whether educated or not, dreams of the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope. As the enlightened classes fall away, Professor Garlanda shows that the Clericals' last resort is to promote superstition and ignorance among the nobles' sons who attend the Jesuit seminaries, and among the peasants. He gives as an example of their desperation, a priest, professor at an episcopal school, who told his young pupils that "whilst the world is raising lying monuments to his [Cavour's] memory, his soul lies burning in the eternal flames of hell!" (p. 285). Compare with this, the author says, the enthusiasm with which in the United States the youngest school-children are taught to reverence Washington, Lincoln, and other national patriots.

Professor Garlanda wrote his diagnosis of ecclesiastical conditions several years before the Modernist upheaval, which fully corroborated him. To-day the Vatican has fewer supporters in Italy than it had ten years ago. The Modernist revolt was hidden under the cloak of the Syllabus; the Modernists no longer speak out, but their numbers increase day by day. Even a cursory reading of these letters will acquaint Americans with the fact that to the ordinary Italian the Roman Question is as dead as the pretensions of the Stuarts in England.

We have no space for referring to the "Yankee's" exhibit of contemporary art and literature, of university instruction, of the influence of the press, and of family life. His remarks on marriage are especially interesting; but even more so is his view that centralization is a great curse—if not the greatest—of modern Italy. Here he starts fundamental problems without solving them.

We regret that so lively a book should have been so badly translated. When we read of a heifer that cast sheep's eyes, and find many similar absurdities, we are reminded of the Portuguese Grammar, and pity Professor Garlanda. *Traduttore, traditore.*

Socialism: A Critical Analysis. By O. D. Skelton, Ph.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

This work is a product of the effort begun several years ago by Hart, Schaffner & Marx of Chicago to encourage, by a series of prize economic essays, "the best thinking of the country to investigate the problems which vitally affect the business world of to-day." A first prize of one thousand dollars has been awarded to Professor Skelton of Queen's University, Kingston, by a committee consisting of Profs. J. Laurence Laughlin, J. B. Clark, Henry C. Adams, and Mr. Horace C. White and Hon. Carroll D. Wright.

Mr. Skelton has certainly produced a highly meritorious work. He has not enlarged the horizon of advanced students of socialism, but he has accomplished what is perhaps an even more serviceable task: he has read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested the best that has been written and said for and against socialism, and has embodied his reflections in a book for which all must be grateful who are conscientiously striving to discover what socialism is all about. By eliminating the wheat from the chaff, by discarding all that is ephemeral and inconclusive, and by bringing a large fund of common sense to the discussion of that residuum of ugly fact that constitutes the starting point of socialism as a science, he has measurably lightened the burden of that constantly increasing number who think it a part of their political duty to familiarize themselves with this subject.

This is an exceptionally readable book of its class. If the chapters devoted to the Marxian analysis are not enlivening, the fault is not Mr. Skelton's. Even Professor Böhm Bawerk, who has no superior among moderns in making light the dark places in economics, does not find it altogether easy to picture Marx's self-contradictions in pellucid terms. "Das Kapital," the so-called

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bible of scientific socialism, occupies the most curious position in economic literature. The system built upon it cannot be debated without careful consideration of its precepts, and yet the more its precepts are studied the greater the difficulty of rendering them into the ordinary speech of mankind. Marx may have known exactly what he thought, but neither he nor his disciples nor his critics have ever been able to make the rest of us quite clear on that point. Where so many had failed, Mr. Skelton could hardly hope to achieve unqualified success.

Mr. Skelton's treatment of his subject is logical throughout. Socialism is in the first place, he says, an indictment of any and all industrial systems based on private property and competition. In a second aspect it presents an analysis of capitalism. Its origin is accounted for, and its present working described. From a third point of view, socialism presents a substitute for capitalism. Fourthly, socialism involves a campaign against capitalism. In each of these aspects—indictment, analysis, panacea, campaign—socialism is intelligible only as the antithesis of the competitive system. It has followed private property like its shadow. Since it is within the past century or two, the period since what is called preëminently the Industrial Revolution, that the economic motive has most widely dominated men's activities the world over, and that within the economic field the spirit of individualism has had freest play, it is within this same period that socialism has reached fullest and clearest development. It is with post-eighteenth-century systems, therefore, that Professor Skelton chiefly deals, though he gives us a succinct and satisfactory survey of earlier developments.

Lectures on Literature. New York: The Columbia University Press; Lemcke & Buechner. $2 net.

A preliminary note states that these eighteen lectures by Columbia professors were, with one exception, delivered in a series during the academic year 1909-1910. They differ from the collections of essays by various scholars with which the public has grown familiar, that is, memorial volumes, in the fact that none of them is a discussion of a minute subject. Each undertakes to set forth the main traits of a large period, sometimes of a whole literature. So the literatures of ancient Greece, Rome, Spain, Germany, Russia, France, of India and Persia are each handled in a single paper. English literature naturally receives the most attention. Professor Thorndike tries to grasp it in its entirety; Professor Lawrence touches on the Middle Ages; Professor Fletcher on the period of the Renaissance, though he reaches beyond to Italy and France; Professors Erskine and Page take, respectively, the impulses of neo-classicism and romanticism in England. In the large compass of their subjects all of these essays are somewhat new in the domain of scholarly endeavor in America. It has often been felt that some of our most notable scholars would not, because they could not, manipulate ideas and tendencies of any considerable size. While foreign professors continued to hold their "open courses," it was the fashion among scholars here to contend that a discussion broad enough to be popular and generally intelligible was pretty sure to stamp the speaker as a "lightweight." We welcome heartily any sign of a change of front.

Looked at critically, one of the first things that will strike the reader of these essays is their lack of antagonisms. Here is no battle of the books. The classics of Greece and Rome receive their meed without the impression given that with them the best literary work of the world was completed. Classicism and romanticism lie down together, and the expounder of the Renaissance finds some good in the Middle Ages. A single rebellious cry is heard when Professor Trent urges any who have quoted glibly the catch-phrase, "the renascence of wonder," to reflect that the eighteenth century, which just preceded the great reaction thus described, was the one in which the most effective literary vehicle for us to-day—English prose—was first truly fashioned. We should have been glad to have more of such protests, which would have sounded the note of perfect sincerity. For it is inevitable that a scholar who is preoccupied with a given epoch should discover in it greater worth than in any other, and, when duly controlled, the "overbeliefs" of literary judgments are suggestive.

Yet, with but a few exceptions the contributions are real essays, each having some single idea with which to organize the material viewed; this keeps the work from deteriorating into a futile sort of literary history. Professor Thorndike's paper nicely illustrates the method. Starting with the undoubted fact that in English literature "there has been no control by a class, or caste, or profession, no control by one city, not even by London," and "no central authority, but a steady growth from national precedent and tradition, and a distrust of theory or system," he sketches the virtues and shortcomings of our individualism. He finds that it has "carried us farther than any other literature of modern Europe in divergence from classical guides and instruction," with the result that the English people have "tended to regard Literature, as a practical art" in its "revelation and criticism of life and conduct." If they have not excelled in music, painting, or sculpture, "it is, perhaps, because these arts have seemed to them too abstracted from life, too unpractical." Other literatures, he admits, may have achieved a finer art and a nicer precision than English, but "none has equalled it in the abundance, variety, and comprehensiveness of the life which it attempts to interpret."

Professor Brander Matthews's "Approaches to Literature," with which the book opens, gives the impression for a few pages of being criticism in the best French mould—profound, urbane, and lucid—but shortly becomes mechanical. Unmethodically, we will enumerate a few of the more interesting ideas of succeeding writers. A suggestive distinction is made by Professor Fletcher: "In this complete Humanism, this whole-souled absorption in humanity, Shakespeare gives the pure color, marks the precise centre of that band in the historical spectrum of European civilization which we call the Renaissance; as his contemporary Edmund Spenser, on the other hand, illustrates the pervasive tendency away from Humanism, gospel of humanity, toward a new 'divinity,' a new asceticism." Although "The Classical Rule," by Professor Erskine, seems to us an inadequate definition, he makes a real point in stating that the delight of eighteenth century writers in the classics was "almost a Romantic pleasure." As might be expected Professor Trent's paper on "The Cosmopolitan Outlook" contains by the way touches of jocose twitting. For the large utterance which his topic compels he feels himself unfitted. "It is our presidents who fill our sails of thought with the winds of generalizations," quite contrary to the former way: "When Ulysses carried the bags of Æolus, it was his crew that let loose, while he slept, the angry and adverse blasts." There is more than a grain of truth in his paradox that though modern life has grown to be largely objective, the future of literature may lie in the realms of the subjective. He believes that while the peoples of the world are becoming more and more alike, strongly individual minds will continue to exist and will be forced back upon themselves to find comfort and stimulation within. As literature in actual life always precedes criticism, so the paper on criticism itself brings this volume to a pretty close.

The Book of Knowledge: The Children's Encyclopædia. Edited by Arthur Mee and Holland Thompson. Introduction by J. H. Finley. 24 vols. New York: The Grolier Society.

If one were to recast an encyclopædia so as to adapt it to tender minds, and add an anthology of verse suited to them, stories and paraphrases of stories of all grades of seriousness and of all times, sets of directions for making all things that are makable by youthful

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hands, and a course of instruction in reading, writing, elementary arithmetic, music, and French; if one were then to distribute all this material among two dozen volumes, in such a way that each volume should have its share of every class of the entire subject-matter; and if, finally, one peppered the whole with pictures, one might not unreasonably claim to have produced something new, nothing less, indeed, than a What's What for Children. Such is the character of the imposing array of books Arthur Mee of London and Holland Thompson of New York, together with more than a dozen collaborators, have written, edited, and arranged, and which has taken all knowledge for its province, to be subdued and made inviting for little feet.

The variety of the contents is bewildering, even within the covers of a single volume. In the first volume, for instance, there are fourteen divisions. "The Book of the Earth" contains "The Big Ball We Live On," "The Earth Is Always Moving," and "The Sun and His Family." "The Book of the United States" tells of "The Land Before the White Men Came." In "The Book of Familiar Things" are "Footpaths in the Air," "Peary's Route to the North Pole," and half a dozen other titles. "The Book of Wonder" enables even an older person to answer with confidence the questions "Does the Moon Pull the Sea?" "Can a Train Run on One Rail?" and "Why Can't We See in the Dark?" Then there are "The Book of Nature"; "The Book of Men and Women"; "The Book of Our Own Life," handling such matters as "Living Things Around Us"; "The Book of Golden Deeds," containing such accounts as "The Sacrifice of Father Damien"; "The Story of Famous Books," including "The War for a Stolen Queen," from the Iliad, "The Victory of the Wooden Horse," from the Æneid, etc.; "The Book of Stories," with "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," and others; "The Book of Poetry," from "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod" to "The Wreck of the Hesperus"; "The Book of All Countries"; "Things to Make and Do"; "The Book of School Lessons"; and "Colored Plates." The contents of each of these divisions are scattered through the volume, instead of appearing together—an arrangement that gives the maximum of variety to one turning the leaves in order.

Only experiment can tell certainly whether boys and girls will agree with the projectors of "The Book of Knowledge" in their idea of it as "The Children's Encyclopædia." But it is apparently well planned to win their favor. The pictures alone will commend it in the first instance to the youngest readers, and the large type will add to this recommendation. The topics are treated with inviting brevity and the style of the text is carefully colloquial. The pages have a somewhat crowded appearance, due in part to the double columns, and, in part, to lack of spacing below titles and around pictures; and the volumes, with their thick paper, are heavy. To a child who cares for what is on the pages, however, these will be negligible defects.

Notes

Miss Sara Norton and M. A. DeWolfe Howe are preparing for publication the "Letters and Journals of Charles Eliot Norton." Much material is already in their hands, but they will be grateful to any correspondent of Professor Norton who will permit the consideration of significant letters by him. These may be sent to Mr. Howe at No. 26 Brimmer Street, Boston. Letters which the senders wish to preserve will be copied and carefully returned.

The Harpers bring out immediately: "Bashful Ballads," by Burges Johnson, and "The Ancient Egyptians and Their Influence Upon the Civilization of Europe," by G. Elliot Smith.

Mr. De Morgan's "A Likely Story," which Holt announces for this week, concludes with "An Apology in Confidence"—one of Mr. De Morgan's talks with his readers.

Macmillan's publications for the next few weeks are distributed in several fields of thought. In general literature three volumes of the Tudor Shakespeare.—Biography: "The Life of Ruskin," by Edward Tyas Cook, and the second volume of "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli."—History: "Democratic England," by Percy Alden, and the first volume of the Cambridge Mediæval History, entitled "The Christian Roman Empire and the Foundation of the Teutonic Kingdom"; the history will be complete in eight volumes and has for editors H. M. Gwatkin of the University of Cambridge, and J. P. Whitney of Kings College.—Economics and politics: "The Law of the Employment of Labor," by L. D. Clark of the Department of Commerce and Labor at Washington; "Commission Government in American Cities," by Ernest Bradford; "Increasing Human Efficiency," by Walter Dill Scott, and "The Lowell Social Survey," a description of a New England town in progress, by George Kenngott.—Religion: "The Moral and Religious Challenge of Our Times," by Henry Churchill King, and "Socialism and the Ethics of Jesus," by Henry C. Vedder.

A number of the tales of the Mahâbhârata and of other epics have been translated by W. D. Munro and will be brought out by Crowell with the title "Stories of India's Gods and Heroes."

Other books announced by this house are an elaborate edition of Wagner's "Tannhäuser," embellished with color plates and full-page drawings in black and white by Pogány, and Dr. Amory H. Bradford's essays and sermonettes, entitled "Preludes and Interludes."

G. Waldo Browne will publish in December, through Dana Estes & Co., "China, the Country and Its People," with above three hundred illustrations.

"Selections from Cæsar for Sight Reading," by Harry F. Towle and Paul R. Jenks, and "Cuentos Modernos," a collection of easy Spanish stories, edited with notes and vocabulary by Prof. F. DeHaan and F. W. Morrison, are in the list of D. C. Heath & Co.

A few additional volumes of Longmans French Texts are nearly ready: "La Montre du Doyen," by Erckmann-Chatrian; "La Bruyère d'Yvonne," by Pierre Maël, and Balzac's "Ursule Mirouet."

Mrs. Annie Fellows Johnston's new book, "Travellers Five Along Life's Highway," which is promised by L. C. Page & Co. for Friday, has an introduction by Bliss Carman.

The Cambridge University Press will publish the twenty-ninth, or index volume, of the Encyclopædia Britannica on thick paper and in special binding, to meet the requirements of a large number of readers. Those, however, who wish the index volume to be bound in the form which exactly corresponds with the set in their possession will not be denied. There is no difference in price, whichever form is preferred.

A third edition, revised and enlarged, of Norman Angell's "The Great Illusion" (Putnam) testifies to continued public interest in the propaganda against war. The substantive changes comprise a new chapter, Conqueror or Policeman? in which further use is made of the example of Germany in Alsace and elsewhere; and a recasting of the final chapter on methods and means.

"Clásicos Castellanos" is the title of a large series which is under way in Madrid, and is being imported by Lemcke & Buechner. The enterprise aims to put at the disposal of the general reader in convenient form all the celebrated works of Spanish literature, and a few foreign works in translation. Volumes which have already appeared are "Las Moradas," by Santa Teresa, Vol. I; "Teatro," by Tirso De Molina, Vol. I; the works of Garcilaso, and the first volume of "Don Quijote." In the press are Vol. I of the works of Quevedo; "Vida de Torres Villarroel," and the second volume of "Don Quijote." Less far advanced are the works of Lope de Vega; the remainder of "Don Quijote"; "Novelas ejemplares," by Cervantes; the works of Fray Luis de León; Antonio de Guevara's "Menosprecio de corte y alabanza de aldea"; Santa Teresa, "Vida," Vol. II.; "El Corbacho," by Arcipreste de Talavera; "Guerra de Granada," by Hurtado de Mendoza; Marqués de Santillana, works, Vol. I; "Cantar de Mio Cid," edited by D. Ramón Menéndez Pidal, and the complete works of Shakespeare.

The two volumes of "Miscellaneous Papers," first published in the National Edition of Dickens, are now added to Scribners' Centenary Edition. The contents include the most diversified assortment of letters, articles, sketches, criticisms, etc., printed in various newspapers and magazines; also, poems and plays. As in the other volumes of this edition, the original illustrations are retained, together with reproductions of contemporary prints. Sufficient bibliographical information is given, and, in the case of the poems, the notes of F. G. Kitton are reprinted from his original collection, published in 1903. We have more than once commended the utility, good form, and cheapness of this edition.

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There is no doubt about the tasteful printing and binding of the latest Riverside Press Edition of Houghton Mifflin Co., which brings us "Leaves from the Diary of an Impressionist" and other essays of Lafcadio Hearn. But we confess that the publisher's circular and Ferris Greenslet's otherwise admirable Introduction leave us in doubt as to how much of the little book is from literally unpublished MSS. and how much of it is gathered from the columns of the *Times-Democrat*, into which Hearn poured so much of his strange and aromatic writing in his New Orleans days. The question is, however, of little significance, for the essays to virtually all readers of the book will be entirely new material. The title is taken from a collection of papers which Hearn himself began to prepare for the press, but never finished. These papers now printed by Mr. Greenslet present the author in his most impressionistic period, as we know him in his New Orleans letters to Mr. Krehbiel. They tell the story of a strange river journey in Florida, with "A Tropical Intermezzo" on a theme as old as legend, and in a style which superficially bears all the marks of the stalest romantic convention, yet is in effect surprisingly fresh and beautiful—that is, indeed, the mystery of Hearn's style. Other papers are: "Quaint New Orleans and Its Inhabitants," "Creole Women in the French West Indies," "Arabian Women," and "Rabyah's Last Ride." We can recommend the little volume as something rare and precious in its kind.

The "Expert of the New York *Sun*" has published, through Frederick A. Stokes Co., a compendious volume on "Advanced Auction Bridge," with the analysis of a large number of hands and games. In the matter of bidding the Expert holds a middle ground between the system of bidding absolutely on the value of the hand held and of bidding so as to seek information. He believes in combining the two: "Once let an adversary feel sure that he knows what you are bidding from, and you are lost." To which the reply might be: Once deceive your partner as to your method of bidding, and you are lost.

An affectionate tribute to the memory of two noble souls is paid by Gertrude Toynbee in her "Reminiscences and Letters of Joseph and Arnold Toynbee" (London: Henry J. Glaisher). Dr. Toynbee, the father, an eminent aurist, possessed a deeply religious, sunny nature, which shed its radiance over a singularly attractive household. His letters to his family and Miss Toynbee's brief memoir of him are touching in their artless simplicity. Dr. Toynbee impressed himself on many famous contemporaries, as is evidenced by the letters to him of such men as Faraday, Ruskin, and Landseer. Equally interesting are the letters from and about his more distinguished son, who, dying at the age of thirty, bequeathed to the world a permanent legacy of high ideals and wise philanthropy. Miss Toynbee's reminiscences of her brother are a welcome supplement to the memoirs of Jowett and Lord Milner. They reveal his fondness for art, which he shared with all the members of the Toynbee family. He did beautiful pencil work, but in his artistic attempts, as in everything else, he was hampered by constant ill health. In spite of his sufferings, however, he preserved, almost to the hour of his death, his serenity and active benevolence. As Arthur Sidgwick, who knew him at Oxford, wrote to Miss Toynbee, "He was a rare combination of a man who was an absolute master in his own special work, and yet found time not only for a great variety of interests, intellectual and artistic, but for practical sympathy and help in all manner of good causes."

"Uganda to Khartoum" (Scribner), by Albert B. Lloyd, is a pleasantly written record of travel, adventure, and work in the northern part of the Uganda Protectorate. The author describes first his life in Bunyoro, and gives much interesting information about the people and their peculiarities, as well as about the methods, chiefly in caring for the sick, by which the barriers between the white and the black man are broken down. The simple way in which the natives regard their frequent drinking bouts is shown by the answer of a chief when asked by Mr. Lloyd to attend a service on the following day: "I cannot come. I shall be drunk to-morrow." He was much surprised at the displeasure shown, for it had never occurred to him that there was any harm in the practice. Mr. Lloyd found recreation principally in hunting, in which many exciting adventures occurred while in pursuit of big game. Then follows a long, tedious account of work in Acholi, a comparatively little-known country, lying north of the Victoria Nile. When his five years' term of service was ended, he returned to England by tramping through the vast trackless forest to the Nile at Gondokoro. Here he took a steamer, and after six days' imprisonment in the sudd, reached Khartoum. His narrative would have been easier to follow had he furnished his readers with a map.

The translation of Johann David Schoepf's "Travels in the Confederation, 1783-1784," made by Alfred J. Morrison and published by William J. Campbell of Philadelphia, renders available for English readers an important book of travel, of which American historians have thus far made little use. Schoepf, who, though educated for a physician, found his chief interest in geology, mineralogy, and botany, came to America in 1777 as chief surgeon to the Ansbach troops, and served on the British side through the Revolutionary war. The journey he recounts extended from New York to St. Augustine and the Bahamas; but the greater part of his first volume is devoted to Pennsylvania, which State he traversed as far as Pittsburgh. His main purpose was scientific investigation, and in the line of his special studies he was one of the first Europeans whose formal observations still have value. The time, however, was peculiarly favorable for noting the effects of the war in different parts of the country, the state of industry, the tone of society, and the prospects for the immediate future; on all of these points of more general interest, what he has to say is in the highest degree informing. For example, he notes already, before the definitive treaty of peace had been signed, a distinct revival of trade, especially in the Middle States; a revival which was to go far toward insuring the adoption and success of the new Constitution a few years later. There was a growing demand for protection to manufactures, the force of which was presently felt in the tariff debate of 1789. Some fortunes had been made during the war, and although the disordered currency was everywhere a serious hindrance to business, the country was by no means economically prostrate. Particularly interesting are the numerous references to mining and milling, in both of which directions the colonial development had been considerable. The least favorable picture is that of Virginia, where Schoepf found industry stagnant, manufactures disfavored, a low standard of domestic comfort, and negro slavery a blight. The barbarous dialect spoken by most of the Germans whom he met was a source of irritation, and he notes, curiously, a pronounced nasal twang in the speech of the Virginians. The translation, though in a few places awkwardly literal, is in the main as readable as the original. A small part of the preface to Volume II, a paper on the climate of North America, and the descriptive matter of the original appendices, have been omitted. The editorial notes, chiefly bibliographical, show commendable research.

Dr. Henry Christopher McCook, pastor emeritus of the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, died a week ago, aged seventy-four. He was born in New Lisbon, O., and graduated from Jefferson (now Washington and Jefferson) College in 1859. He served in the civil war as lieutenant of the Forty-first Illinois Volunteers and was chaplain of the Second Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, in the Spanish-American war. He was an authority on spiders and ants. Besides a number of scientific books of special and popular interest, he wrote treatises on religious subjects, "The Latimers," a Scotch-Irish historical romance of the Western insurrection; "Martial Graves of our Fallen Heroes in Santiago de Cuba," and "The Senator," a threnody in verse and prose, as a memorial of the late Mark Hanna. Dr. McCook was a contributor to the *Nation*.

The death is reported from Washington of William Callyhan Robinson, dean of the Law School of the Catholic University of America, at the age of seventy-seven. For a time he was professor of law at Yale. He was the author of several works on legal subjects, among them "Law of Patents," in three volumes, and "Elements of American Jurisprudence."

Lady Colin Campbell, author and journalist, died in London the first of last week. She adopted several pen names, among them "G. E. Brunfille" and "Q. E. D." She wrote "Darell Blake," "A Book of the Running Brook," "A Miracle in Rabbits," and was the art critic of *A Woman's Walks in the World*, a journal which she created. Always fond of sports, she was expert in fencing.

Urbain Guérin, who is dead at the age of sixty-two, had written and lectured on many subjects, but was chiefly interested in sociology, on which subject he wrote a valuable book, "L'Evolution sociale."

In the *Atlantic Monthly* Mary Antin continues her recollections of child life in a small town of the Jewish Pale in Russia. The story is minute and exhaustive. The author has apparently grasped the secret of successful autobiography, which consists in assuming that nothing in one's experiences is unimportant and that nothing

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should be passed over in a spirit of mistaken reticence. Miss Antin's picture is veracious if occasionally overcrowded. Only one pauses now and then to wonder how long is a reader's memory in this country or how fast do the generations of readers among us succeed each other. A great deal of what Miss Antin has to tell has been told so often before, and so much of the life in the Russian Pale has been transferred to the ghettoes of our own cities and there studied by the novelist, the short-story writer, and the reporter, that one wonders to find this latest narrative spoken of as though it dealt with an absolutely virgin field. To those, for instance, who have read Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto," a great deal in Miss Antin's recollections will not be very new. But then Zangwill's book must be at least fifteen years old, and in that time one may forget a great deal.

Do you prefer Oscar Wilde to Shakespeare? In the same number of the *Atlantic* Elizabeth Woodbridge has a charming paper on one phase of modern individualism in art, which she happily describes as "the cult of the second-best." The modern spirit in its revolt against authority and against standards refuses to bow before the accepted Great because they are accepted, and picks out its own particular bloomin' idol to worship and exalt. It is so wretchedly commonplace to say one loves Shakespeare or the Sistine Chapel that the temptation is severe to concentrate one's affections on some object less popular or not at all popular. This is intellectual snobbery, but there is something to be said for it. "The Great of the world do get a good deal of handling. They show it a little. The grass is trodden down all around them; their toes are worn blunt by being kissed, and they are be-starred and be-photographed out of all whooping. . . . We cannot approach them without feeling ourselves one of a rabble. Come along over to my Little-Great-One, that nobody else is paying attention to." The little demi-gods, the little cults and coteries, the Little Theatres and Secessions and Musics of the Future arise in revolt against the obviously Great. But, asks Elizabeth Woodbridge plaintively and wisely, would it not be better, instead of rebelling against the Obvious, to endeavor to reconquer the Obvious?

Science

The Life of Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society. With some notices of his friends and contemporaries. By Edward Smith, F. R. H. S. New York; John Lane Co. $4 net.

If the title were so transposed as to place the name of Sir Joseph after that of the Friends and Contemporaries, it would more nearly describe the character of the volume. It is a treasury of innocent gossip. The author, in his own words, set himself "the task of making out a case for fuller study of the undercurrents of life during the despised eighteenth century. Besides and beyond the witches' cauldron of frivolity and dishonor which is so often presented to us, there is evidently an unknown background of sterling virtues, of greatness, virility, moral rectitude, and the love of wisdom for its own sake."

Mr. Smith appears to be much impressed by the spirit of scoffing and lampooning toward serious work in every department of activity. He has brought together and finely reproduced a few of the most striking of the caricatures of Banks and others, and he admits that the game was pretty fair. For instance, Banks was an aristocrat, and yet delighted, in an innocent way, in associating with his inferiors. He was the president of the Royal Society at a time when the mathematicians counted it a grievance that a naturalist should rule over them. He was a man of large fortune who could easily have passed his time in the exciting sports of pugilism and the like, but who preferred to give his wealth freely for the support of any enterprise which could advance science or help his nation. Furthermore, he was the personal friend of the King, and this, as Mr. Smith says, "was a circumstance fatal in its relation to the discontented spirits of the day." In short, he was a good mark for all the fair and unfair shots. It is in this part of the volume that the author is at his best. He makes a few curious slips, but they are not very misleading, and they do not at all interrupt the flow of the narrative.

Banks was born in London in 1743 and died there in 1820. From the very first, he had his own way and carried out his own plans. Even in Oxford, where there was no satisfactory instruction in botany, his favorite branch of natural history, he succeeded in obtaining a teacher, almost on his own account, and pursued the science with him. As soon as he came of age and was the manager of the paternal estate, he entered upon London life as a gentleman of fortune. But his tastes led him to seek chiefly the companionship of scientific men who were members of the Royal Society, and he impressed them so favorably that he was admitted to fellowship at the age of twenty-three. At this date, the ship Niger was ordered to the Labrador and Newfoundland coast to investigate the fisheries. One of the officers, who was an Oxford friend of Banks, induced him to accompany the expedition.

Two features characteristic of the whole of Banks's career marked this voyage of exploration, namely, his judicious prodigality in expenditure of funds and strength, and his shyness in publishing results. In 1768, when he was twenty-five years old, he sailed with Capt. James Cook in his first memorable journey around the world. His preparations are said to have been made on an extravagant scale, and his scientific staff was formed without regard to expense. The record of the scientific results obtained by Banks on this first voyage of Capt. Cook were not properly edited until 1896, when the manuscript was published by Sir Joseph Hooker. In other words, with his great modesty, Banks preferred to have the scanty mention in Cook's "Journal" represent the record of his unceasing activity during a long, perilous, and fruitful adventure. It is just at this point that Hooker's edition of Banks's "Journal," a volume of 450 pages, is needed to supplement every biography of Banks. Its pages show that he was patient to the last degree, strong in all work, sharing all hardships without complaint, and anxious to turn everything to good account for the advancement of science and the growth of his country.

On his return, he continued his systematic endeavors in both of these directions. As president of the Royal Society, he favored with tongue and purse all enterprises which seemed worth while, but had no hesitation in turning down wild schemes. He sent natural history collectors to every land to which they could be induced to go, and provided all needed funds for subsequent research and illustration. His principal interest centred, however, in Australia, where he and his explorers had found a new world of plants. And when a committee of the House of Commons, in 1779, consulted him about a fit place for founding a colony, he recommended this southern land as suitable, for he regarded its climate good and its soil fertile. From the first, Banks was a sturdy optimist and saw "the future prospect of empire and dominion which now cannot be disappointed." "Who knows," he asks, "but England may revive in New South Wales when it has sunk in Europe?"

It is surprising that as yet no comprehensive biography of Sir Joseph has been written. Some of the sketches, like the present volume, give prominence to his forty years as president of the Royal Society, and other outlines dwell upon his extraordinary benefactions to scientific men, and his successful work as an explorer in many lands, and as the founder of a colony; but a complete memoir should present these phases of his life symmetrically, and this is still lacking. The present volume is further unsatisfactory on account of its geographical blunders. As a chronicle of the times of King George the Third, it is interesting. And as such we gladly commend it.

D. C. Heath & Co. have in preparation "Introduction to the Lie Theory of One-Parameter Groups," by Dr. Abraham Cohen.

"Chemical Phenomena in Life," by Frederick Czapek, is an announcement of Harpers.

Liberty H. Bailey has entirely rewritten his book, "The Horticulturist's Rule Book," which was published nearly twenty years

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ago; the new book, announced by Macmillan, will be called "The Farm and Garden Rule Book."

We learn from the Rockefeller Institute that Dr. Simon Flexner has received from the German government an appointment as honorary member of the Institute for Experimental Therapy at Frankfort-on-the-Main.

The portraits and busts in the possession of the Faculté de Médecine at Paris are described in a catalogue to be published by the librarian, Noë Legrand.

Dr. George C. Freeborn, for many years a teacher in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, died on Monday of last week, at the age of sixty-one. As a writer in his special line, normal histology, he was widely known both in this country and abroad, and he also published a history of the Alumni Association of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He was a member of many scientific organizations.

Norman Jay Colman, first secretary of agriculture of the United States, died last Friday on a train which was bringing him to his home in St. Louis. Born in 1827, he succeeded in 1885 Dr. George B. Loring as commissioner of agriculture in the days when the incumbent of that position was not a full Cabinet officer. He was editor of the *Rural World* of St. Louis, and on his farm in the suburbs carried on scientific experiments in stock-breeding.

George William Jones, professor emeritus at Cornell University and for thirty-one years an active member of the department of mathematics, died the first of last week, aged seventy-four. He is remembered as the author of several books on logarithms and trigonometry.

News has reached us of the death at Copenhagen of Dr. George Budde Lund, a zoologist of note.

Drama

The Dramatic Museum of Columbia University—the first to be established in this country and the only one in the world except that in the library of the Paris Opéra—contains already a collection of views of theatres, interior and exterior, of masques and carrousels, and of outdoor performances of various kinds. It also has portraits of distinguished actors of various periods in the costumes they wore on the stage and models of a few of the theatres typical of the more important epochs in the development of the drama. Among the other models which it ought to have, according to a statement just issued by the department of English and comparative literature, are (1) the Theatre of Dionysus, at Athens, as investigated by Professor Dörpfeld; (2) the Roman Theatre at Orange, as restored by M. Caristie; (3) a Madrid theatre of the time of Lope de Vega and Calderon; (4) the so-called Antique Theatre, built by Palladio at Vicenza; (5) the stage set used by the performers of the Italian comedy-of-masks, and (6) Drury Lane Theatre in 1775, when Sheridan's "School for Scandal" was produced. Friends of Columbia are urged to contribute toward a sum of $5,000 which is required.

The stock company organized in Chicago by Donald Robertson, for the purpose of producing superior plays of all kinds, made its first appearance in this city in the Lyric Theatre on Monday evening in Ibsen's "The Lady from the Sea." Why independent theatrical organizations should be so apt to waste time and energy in revivals of this kind is a mystery. The selection can scarcely be justified on the score of novelty, for this piece has been abundantly discussed, although very rarely played. It might well be left to oblivion or the library. On the stage its prolixity, its lack of action, its morbidity, and its incomprehensibility make it inexpressibly tedious. Moreover, it is a very poor specimen of Ibsen's technical craft as a playwright, being constructed in loose and arbitrary fashion, differing widely from his usual compact workmanship. But—except in the case of the monomaniacal Ellida—his studies of suburban life are as photographically accurate as ever. And these Chicago players exhibit their artistic sense by representing them in exactly the right method of precise, unconscious naturalism. They furnish a picture without much light or shade, but of well-balanced proportions and much delicacy of finish. A better performance of intimate domestic drama it would be unreasonable to ask for. Particularly good was the fussy Ballested of Edward Emery, the Wangel of Donald Robertson, and the Arnholm of Lionel Bilmore. Hedwig Reicher, an actress of rare capacity, partly failed as Ellida, simply because she put so much more into the part than properly belongs to it. Such a woman as her Ellida could never have acted like Ibsen's. But her performance was highly picturesque and interesting. The representation was successful, but the great majority of Ibsen's characters present no difficulty to the ordinary actor, being essentially commonplace in their composition and calling for no great histrionic capacity. It will not be possible to judge of the true quality of the new company until it has been tried in plays of wider scope.

"The Price," which seems likely to prove a popular success in the Hudson Theatre, marks a decided advance in the art of technical construction on the part of its author, George Broadhurst, one of the most active of American playwrights. In complexity of plot, quick succession of theatrical situations, and compactness of form it is equalled by few modern social melodramas. That it is effective in its extravagant and artificial climaxes and its manifold opportunities for convulsive emotion need not be disputed, and it is superior to many other plays of its class in its employment of the heroine's guilty conscience as a means of precipitating the final catastrophe. But it is too tricky and mechanical to be of much account as serious drama. The character of the heroine is illogical, her conduct being wholly irreconcilable with her supposed attributes, and unsympathetic since she deliberately deceives an honorable man. But the part has the merit of giving wide scope to the abilities of Helen Ware as an emotional actress. The art of this young performer is crude as yet, and is not likely to acquire restraint or finish in such violent exercise, but her natural powers of emotional suggestion and utterance are of a rare kind. She is capable of both passion and pathos, and in the closing scenes of the play she holds her audience in a secure grip. Her besetting danger now is that of falling into mere rant, but if she avoids that peril she may be expected to go very far in her profession.

In her second essay as an English-speaking actress in Daly's Theatre, in a close translation of "The Whirlwind" of Henri Bernstein, Madame Simone to a large extent justified her high French reputation. There can no longer be any doubt either of her polished skill or of her rare powers of emotional expression. Her failure to create a great impression in "The Thief" may be ascribed partly to nervousness arising from new and difficult conditions, partly to the unsympathetic nature of the heroine, and partly to a subtlety of execution which the American audience of to-day, accustomed to the coarser strokes of more strident performers, does not fully appreciate. In her Madame Voysin there was an apparent lack of emotional sincerity, which may have been due to a nice comprehension of the essential selfishness and immorality of the character itself. At all events, it is only fair that she should have the benefit of that possibility. The character of Hélène in "The Whirlwind," although in no way inspiring, is not complicated with any fundamental baseness. She is a foolish, passionate creature, wedded by parental authority to a repellent husband, who is willing to sacrifice anything for the sake of an unworthy lover. She descends to incredible depths—that is due to the morbid conception of her dramatic creator—but the one motive impelling her is that of blind, reckless sexual devotion. And Madame Simone interprets this consuming passion with indisputable eloquence and consistency. Her performance exhibits a remarkable control of varied technical resource. The manifold phases of her emotion, marking her progress through shattered hopes to reckless defiance and final despair, are portrayed in all their gradations, with a variety of utterance and expressive gesture indicative not only of thorough training, but keen dramatic intuition. Her command of simple and significant gesture, in which most of our modern actors are so lamentably deficient, was particularly noteworthy. But the play itself, notwithstanding the cleverness of its theatrical construction and its sensational effectiveness, has no substantial value, and offers no opportunity for really great acting—Madame Simone's true artistic status cannot be determined until it has been established by some more exacting test.

The French Society of Authors keeps a jealous watch on all matters interesting literary men. A rather important law case is in preparation in connection with the recent South American tour of the famous French actor Guitry. It appears that before the company set sail an agreement to pay authors' royalties was arrived at. Plays by various well-known authors, including Paul Bourget, Henri Bernstein, Henri Bataille, Jules Lemaitre, and Alfred Capus, were produced in the Argentine Republic, with which France has recently concluded a convention safeguarding the rights of authors; but M. Guitry's manager has now refused to pay the royalties, and so an action is likely to take place in the South Ameri-

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can Republic. An offer has been made to pay 7 per cent. instead of the 10 per cent. claimed by the authors, and some of them were willing to settle the matter on these terms. One or two, however, headed by M. Bourget, are standing out against this compromise.

Another theatrical case of a different kind will come before the French courts before very long. The question at issue is the right of an author to put upon the stage characters representing famous people no longer living, when their descendants take objection to this course. M. Le Lasseur has written a piece in verse called "L'Enfant du siècle," which has for its heroine the romantic novelist George Sand. The granddaughter of the author takes strong objection to the proposal that an actress should represent her on the stage, particularly in view of her relations with the poet De Musset. The plaintiff apparently intends this to be something of a test case, for she is not asking for damages except in the event of the piece being actually put upon the stage. The dramatist, however, contends that by this time George Sand has become an historical figure just as much as Napoleon the Great.

Kyrle Bellew died of pneumonia on Thursday of last week at Salt Lake City, where he was playing in "The Mollusc." In his death the English-speaking stage suffers a distinctly heavy loss. He was not one of the great actors—he was not, for instance, a man possessing the intellectual and creative faculty of Charles Coghlan—but he was finely intelligent and thoroughly well-trained, and was versed in all the technical resources of his profession. He belonged to a race which is now, unfortunately, very nearly extinct. In many respects he was a miniature edition of his once famous father, the Rev. J. C. M. H. Bellew, who was for many years one of the most popular preachers and reciters in Great Britain. Kyrle Bellew was born at Prescott, in Lincolnshire, England, somewhere between fifty-five and sixty years ago. About his early youth not very much is known, but some of it was passed in India and Australia, and he had some experience in the British navy. He early exhibited a predilection for the stage, and made a success in England in the character of *Romeo* as long ago as 1870, and he was one of the best Romeos known to the modern stage, even up to the end of his career. In this country he first engaged public attention as leading man in Lester Wallack's company, with which he was associated for several years. His best performance in those days was Charles Surface, a characterization which had abundance of spirit, true elegance, and especially fine diction. He afterwards played as Belvawney in "Engaged," Raphael in "Moths," and a variety of characters in romance and comedy. In 1879 he played Orlando with considerable success, and in England he acted in "The Corsican Brothers" with great public approbation. During his long association with Mrs. Potter he created the character of Marat in "Charlotte Corday," in which he displayed great ability in eccentric acting of a very vivid and powerful kind. During the latter part of his career Mr. Bellew devoted a large part of his time to such plays as "Raffles," which were altogether unworthy of his abilities.

Music

The Musical Amateur. By Robert Haven Schauffler. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

Opera Synopses. By J. Walker McSpadden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 75 cents net.

Harmonic Part Writing. By William Alfred White. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co. $1.50.

It is perhaps fortunate for Mr. Schauffler that his Defence of Amateur Whistling is the last chapter in his book instead of the first, as it might in that case repel many a possible reader of the rest of it. Whistling, in the opinion of most music-lovers, is indefensible under any circumstances. Almost all whistlers are entirely unmusical, and the sounds they make surely contribute to what Mr. Schauffler himself, on another page, calls "the common agonies that ordinary musical ears have to endure without respite." Wagner repeatedly referred to the fact that all kinds of things gave him "pain of which people of lesser sensibility are not even conscious"; and Paderewski went so far as to say that any man ought to have the right to shoot a whistler at sight. He meant it, too—at certain moments.

While we thus feel called upon in the interest of universal peace to reprimand Mr. Schauffler for that essay, we admit that he makes amends in the other chapters of his book. The best of these is entitled The Creative Listener, in which he demonstrates that in the making of music an appreciative listener is quite as important as the performer. Svengali did not really hypnotize Trilby. He simply was such a master of the art of listening that "whenever he was in the audience Trilby could not help singing better than she knew how." Theodore Thomas once remarked that few people have any idea how discriminating listeners react on the performers. "A stupid audience kills the orchestra dead in five minutes, as water kills fire, whereas an intelligent and responsive audience will stimulate the musicians at once to their best efforts." The author discourses interestingly of two kinds of listeners, the creative and the destructive, offering valuable hints as to how the one kind may be multiplied, the other made harmless.

Throughout his book, Mr. Schauffler pleads the cause of musical enthusiasm. He stands up particularly for chamber music, giving some striking examples of the almost fanatic devotion it often begets. Liszt, to be sure, said "Kammermusik—Jammermusik," and it cannot be denied that, as a rule, it is more fun to play chamber music than to listen to others playing it. Concerning musical indigestion, we find some suggestive remarks; the author commiserates the critics for having to follow a system which, if adopted by wholesale liquor houses, would compel their tasters to consume at least a gallon of each variety before pronouncing judgment upon it. He might have added, however, that most critics deserve the pangs of musical indigestion inflicted on them because few of them are "creative listeners."

Mr. Schauffler's volume is written in the old-fashioned, rambling essay style which one does not often come across these days, personal reminiscences and confessions being mixed with anecdotes and naïve moral reflections. Among the many amusing anecdotes, there is one which is incorrectly given. Chopin was not so clumsy as to say to the hostess who asked him to play, "Ah, madame, I have just dined. Your hospitality, I see, demands payment." What he did say was: "Madame, I have eaten so little."

Mr. McSpadden thinks that a knowledge of the standard operas is as essential in these days as acquaintance with the classics of literature. However that may be, the abundant supply of books telling the plots of popular operas indicates a surprisingly large demand for them. The latest-comer always has the advantage of reflecting the present taste of opera-goers and of including the most recent successes. In Mr. McSpadden's "Opera Synopses" are included not only novelties of the last season, like "The Girl of the Golden West," "Königskinder," and "Natoma," but even "Mona," which is first to be heard this winter. "Germania" and "Elektra" are here, but not the "Rosenkavalier." "Light" operas are not entirely excluded, "The Chimes of Normandy" and "The Mikado" being in the list. The stories are told very briefly and yet with exceptional clearness, even in the case of so mysterious a tale as that of "Il Trovatore."

Students of harmony cannot be nearly as numerous as readers of librettos, yet there must be a larger number than one would suppose judging by the steady procession of books which publishers seem to find it profitable to print. The latest, by William Alfred White, has a single aim, to give a mastery of the foundation of all composition—four-part writing. Composition for four parts, vocal or instrumental, is its theme. The author gives a substitute for the figured bass, which helps to overcome faults and uncertainties of the older system. In eight chapters, with many illustrations, he considers chords, from common major triads in close harmony to chords of the eleventh and thirteenth, which play so great a rôle in contemporary music. In this book they are disposed of as being "always a result of suspensions, anticipations, etc."

"Vocal Expression," by Katherine Jewell Everts, is in the hands of Harpers.

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While the New York Symphony Society opened its season with two Liszt concerts, which attracted crowded audiences, the Philharmonic Society, which has just begun its seventieth season, will not celebrate the Liszt centenary until next month, in order to gain time for rehearsing the difficult "Dante" symphony. Its opening concerts were made notable by the first appearances of its new conductor, Josef Stransky, and the young Russian violinist, Efrem Zimbalist. In engaging Mr. Stransky, the directors of the Philharmonic departed from their traditional policy of procuring one of the most famous of European conductors. Not that Mr. Stransky, who is a countryman and disciple of the great Bohemian, Anton Dvorák, is unknown or inexperienced. He conducted both operas and concerts in Prague for five years and in Hamburg for seven years. During the last two years he built up the Blüthner orchestra in Berlin in a way to arouse the admiration of the leading critics. He is cosmopolitan in taste, and is likely to give Philharmonic audiences more varied and interesting programmes than they have always had in the past. He will be called upon to conduct a number of concerts in other cities besides New York. After his interpretation of Liszt's "Tasso," last Thursday, there was a demonstration of enthusiasm seldom witnessed in a concert hall. It showed that he is a master of climax building. His conducting of the "Euryanthe" overture on Sunday revealed his equal ability to make a pianissimo climax. He obtains from his players precision, careful attention to coloring, and such dynamic variety and subtle modifications of pace as he may desire from bar to bar. He has the true Slavic temperament which is necessary for the interpretation of modern German music in a way to satisfy modern audiences. Mr. Zimbalist, who is, like Kathleen Parlow and Franz Vecsey, a pupil of Auer, also won a pronounced success. He played, on the two occasions, concertos by Glazounoff and Tchaikovsky with astonishing purity of tone, perfect technique, and a thorough understanding of the music.

Miss Maggie Teyte, who has been specially engaged by Andreas Dippel of the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company for the first performance of Massenet's new opera "Cinderella" and for Cherubino in the "Marriage of Figaro," is to make her début here in a recital programme in Carnegie Hall on the afternoon of November 16. Miss Teyte's recitals in London and Paris have been among the most popular given each year. Born in England, she is one of the few English singers who have made a success in Paris, both in opera and in recitals.

"There is no good Indian but a dead Indian" is a motto prevalent in our Western States. In Germany there prevails a universal belief, at least among professional musicians, that "there is no real genius except a dead genius." The latest illustration of this attitude is the case of the Gustav Mahler. While he was living, very little attention was paid to his compositions. His eighth symphony, for instance, was ignored, in spite of its sensational production in Munich two years ago. For the present season, more than a dozen performances of it are already announced in as many German cities. In Vienna, two of his symphonies are to be played at one concert.

Art

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

The opening of the new department of Egyptian art, Monday evening, marked an achievement in the management and direction of the Metropolitan Museum. Five years ago or less the collection, as then constituted, was housed in the corridor along the right of the main staircase, and though many of the objects were important, they had not been systematically gathered, were to some extent unrelated, and represented a few only of the periods of Egyptian civilization. In 1906 the trustees organized a department of Egyptian art and appointed as its curator Albert M. Lythgoe, who, in addition to his knowledge of the subject, had the further qualification of seven years' experience in active field work in Egypt.

In its present state the collection, by no means yet completed, illustrates the whole history of Egyptian art from its earliest beginnings in pre-dynastic times to the Coptic period and the Mohammedan conquest in the seventh century A. D. This span of some forty-five centuries is represented almost exclusively with original material, much of it not yet published and virtually unknown.

In order to bring together a collection of this sort it was necessary to dig it up and to study the objects in place as discovered. For this purpose, the curator obtained concessions from the Egyptian Government to excavate at three sites. The pyramid field of Lisht, thirty miles south of Cairo, has yielded important sculptural and other material of the XII dynasty (about 2000 B. C.). The Oasis of Kharga, one hundred miles west of the Nile in the Lybian desert, the site of the great temple of Hibis built by Darius, has provided the Museum with a beautiful polychrome capital and a quantity of Coptic sculptural monuments. The palace of Amenhotep III, where excavations were begun by the Museum in the past season, affords one of the few known examples of the complete plan of a royal dwelling when the power of Thebes was at its height. This field work, for which the institution has no funds which can properly be made available, has been made possible by a friend of the Museum who withholds his name.

In addition to the material obtained by the Museum's own expedition, the presence of its representatives in the field has enabled it to make fortunate purchases from local dealers and to obtain other valuable matter directly from the Egyptian Government, largely through the kind offices of Mr. Maspero, director-general of antiquities in Egypt. All this is over and above the accessions by gift, including the annual gifts from the Egypt Exploration Fund, which began in 1885, and the many gifts from individuals. The long list is reviewed in the current *Bulletin* of the Museum.

The outstanding significance, from the point of view of the administration, in the opening of the collection this week, lies in the fact that now for the first time the public is to enjoy an opportunity of keeping abreast with the advances currently made by special scholarship, and of rounding out that fragmentary notion and correcting those assiduously inculcated false impressions or falsely emphasized half-truths which have too generally been its portion heretofore.

The material now assembled has been systematically arranged by the curator on a plan of chronological progression, so that the visitor, passing through the rooms in order and reviewing in one summary ramble the successive characteristics of the so-called predynastic times, of the old, middle, and new empires, of the Saitic, Græco-Roman, and Coptic periods, should carry away a vivid sense of the continuous flux and unceasing modification, which, despite the long reaches of time and the consequent leisurely character of the graduation, have marked the artistic expression of the Nile region.

To the student, on the other hand, the evidence here displayed as to the conduct and aim of the architecture, the mastery of difficulties in a voluntarily defined range of sculptural expression, and the divergent significance of decoration, will demonstrate afresh that the old conception of the art of the Nile as a quaint, tremendous but hopelessly arrested approximation to the ideal of the Ægean is a fantastic fruit of misinformation.

The vitality of the error may probably be explained in recalling that though the mind of Greece was reopened to Europe in the fifteenth century, the mind of Egypt remained sealed until the nineteenth. When Mr. Maspero, to whose friendly interest today the Museum gladly acknowledges its indebtedness, first began to publish the results of his study, Egyptology was not yet forty years old. The opening of the collection takes on an added significance when we reflect that, as to Egypt, we are still in the midst of the Renaissance and Revival of Learning.

One circumstance which has shaped our view too much is the unavoidable predominance of mortuary relics and monuments. The notion that the Egyptians were a funereally-minded people is hardly to be sustained by a candid examination of such evidence as we have in this representative collection. Even in the decoration of tombs, it is remarkable how little the sense of the tragedy of death asserts itself. When we turn to the temples in which the

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carefully sustained effect of serious grandeur and unfailing stability have suggested to many the thought of sombreness and gloom, we are again reminded by several excellent examples of polychrome decoration that these buildings in their prime presented a very harlequinade of color. And the coffins! When our own habits are considered in the presence of these gorgeous cases, it is simply amazing that the idea of a gloomy cast of mind ever came to be applied to a people who found such chromatic gayety consonant with the decorum of burial.

A barrier more fundamental than this mistaken prejudice stands between us and a sympathetic comprehension of Egyptian civilization—the sense of discipline. So much a part of us has our individualism become that when we contemplate a people spending lives and generations and centuries, vigorously and industriously, in the service of church and state, we hasten to supply an explanation of compulsion. We can hardly conceive of an art which, of its own free will, could follow a tradition for any length of time. The fallacy in this assumption, that because some characteristic traits were persistent they must have been involuntarily accepted, is challenged by the abounding creative vitality of this panoramic display of Egyptian art and its manifest freedom from inherent elements of rapid decay.

A new edition is announced by the Bruno Hessling Co. of New York of "The Mansions of England in the Olden Time," by Joseph Nash.

Volume XLIV of the *International Studio*, comprising the numbers from July to October, inclusive, offers, amid a variety of shorter articles, appreciation of the work of William Nicholson, accounts of recent Italian, Austrian, Hungarian, and Russian art, and, in the American field, studies of the work of Birge Harrison, Gifford Beal, Edwin A. Abbey, and Mielatz, the etcher. The present volume brings no striking novelty, but maintains the excellent standard of its predecessors in faithfully recording all current movements in the field of art.

An important fresco attributed to Orcagna has been brought to light in the Church of Santa Croce, Florence, through the removal of Andrea del Minga's big canvas, Christ in Gethsemene. The Orcagna fragment represents a group of blind and crippled folk with outstretched arms appealing to death to relieve them. The same motive occurs in the famous Triumph of Death at Pisa, which thus appears to be a repetition of Orcagna's original at Florence. It may then have been with a certain reasonableness that Vasari ascribed the Sienese work at Pisa to Orcagna himself. It is hoped that through the removal of whitewash other portions of the Santa Croce fresco may be recovered.

While investigating the ruins of the Domus Flavia on the Palatine, in Rome, Professor Boni has discovered the pavement of the dining-hall of the Emperor Domitian. It is in Oriental granite with a border of Numidian marble and other African stones, the ancient quarries of which may yet be discovered in Tripoli or Cyrenaica. The pavement, which is almost intact and of extensive area, is the richest yet found in the Imperial palaces of the first century. Of special interest are the pillars, which are so arranged as to raise the pavement from the earth for the introduction of hot air from a heating furnace.

The following telegram, dated Alexandretta, October 19, received by the London *Times* from Professor Garstang, will be of interest to all who are eager for news of Hittite discoveries:

Our expedition is working at a large mound at Salije Geuzi, near Marash, air-driven machinery having been erected. Below a building of Roman date, two periods of Hittite fortifications are traceable at a depth of six and ten metres. Important material in relation to Egypt of the eighteenth dynasty has been discovered. Work will continue for a month.

A polychrome terra-cotta Nativity by Antonio Rossellino and a Giottesque Adoration of the Kings are important new purchases by the Metropolitan Museum. The Rossellino, with its kneeling girlish Virgin and somnolent Joseph, has in a high degree the ingenuous charm of early Florentine sculpture. It is a minor work, but of delicious quality. The little panel depicting the annunciation to the shepherds and the adoration of the magi has a beauty and importance hardly suggested by the modest designation "school of Giotto." The execution is broad, like that of a master accustomed to working in fresco. The massive figures show a combined gravity and sweetness uncommon in Giotto's followers. Moreover, the dimensions of the panel, the types, and the peculiar blonde colors with complimentary iridescences, associate this picture with Mrs. John L. Gardner's Presentation in the Temple. The museum panel undoubtedly belongs to a series of the Life of the Virgin. The *Dormition of the Virgin* at Chantilly, ascribed to Giotto, is of the same size, and may well be a third member of the series. Mrs. Gardner's panel has been ascribed to Giotto himself by as good critics as Richter, Berenson, and Sirén. In short, this new acquisition falls clearly in a *milieu* where we find the invention and in part the hand of the greatest of Christian painters. It is said that the museum got this rare and beautiful picture for a trifle. If so, double congratulations are in order.

Due to the recent thefts at the Louvre, the French Ministry of Fine Arts has decided upon a new set of regulations for the public. The picture and antique galleries will be open on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, from 11 A. M. to 4 P. M. On Tuesdays and Saturdays the public may visit: drawings and pastels, furniture and bronzes, Dieulafoy collection, pottery and stoneware, and antique ceramics. The following galleries will be open on Wednesdays and Fridays: Egyptian antiquities, Renaissance sculpture, modern sculpture, Mastaba Egyptian collection, Pelliot collection of Turkestan antiquities, and the Grandidier and Morgan collections. On the afternoons of Sunday and Thursday the public may see the Thomy-Thierry collection, the Assyrian gallery, and the Musée de la Marine.

Finance

A PARADOXICAL MARKET.

In many respects, the unexpectedly violent recovery in the Steel Trust's shares, after their 8½-point break on the day which followed the news of the Government suit, bids fair to mark an interesting turning-point in the season's finance. Steel common itself, which got down to 50 on that day, has risen so rapidly since then that last Monday it touched 60⅝. But "Steel" was not the only stock to move. Two of the most active speculative shares, Union Pacific and Reading, have risen 10 to 12 points since the break on the Steel prosecution news, and not only so, but the prices touched by them this week were actually the highest since the early days of August, when the mysterious "inside liquidation" began under which the whole market went to pieces. This has excited on the Stock Exchange much discussion of the question whether the Steel suit did not denote the end of the long decline. The "worst news was out." If the market would not stay down on that, then what could put it down?

All this may turn out hereafter to be hasty judgment. But it at least calls for inquiry as to why the market should have risen as it has done in the past twelve days. And that necessitates explanation of the action of "Steel" itself, on which stock the whole market manifestly pivoted.

Why did the "outside public" refuse to sell? Partly, no doubt, for the reason set forth in this column a week ago—that stock of the other prosecuted Trusts, even when it broke on the news of prosecution, got back to its old price in the very face of a court decision against them. Partly because, the stock market having been heavily oversold before the news came in, by Stock Exchange speculators, there was a mass of professional "covering purchases," ready for execution at Friday's lower prices. But largely also for other reasons.

On the evening after the Steel prosecution news, President Taft said in his speech to the Hamilton Club at Chicago that "mere bigness of plant does not constitute a violation of the law," that "I would rather cut off my right hand than disturb business from political motives," that "I am hopeful this period of strain will soon end," and that "I believe a majority of business is already square with the law." On the same evening, at New York, the chairman of the Steel Trust declared:

I believe a disclosure of all the facts applicable to the allegations contained in the Government's bill of complaint as a ground for relief will show that the suit ought to be decided in favor of the corporation on the merits.

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And he added that this was "a time for every one to keep cool, with a disposition to patiently await results, knowing that in the end justice will be done to all interests."

Nor was this all that happened. When last week opened, the Circuit Court was hearing counsel at New York on the plan for dissolving the Tobacco Trust. The Trust itself had proposed disintegration into fourteen companies, whose stock should be allotted *pro rata* to shareholders of the Trust. The independent tobacco interests, through their able counsel, had urged that the Trust should be split up into far more numerous units; that no corporation thus left in the field should be better equipped than any independent concern, and that to no present holder of Tobacco Trust stock should be allotted, in the distribution, shares in more than one of the new corporations.

This proposal had seemed to many fair-minded men to foreshadow chaos. It suggested that the unlucky investor might be put off with stock which he did not want, or whose particular value had been spoiled in the disintegrating process. No one has had great sympathy for the Tobacco Trust and its owners; even the smaller shareholder knew very well with what sort of high financial thimble-riggers he was associating himself. But as a precedent for all future Trust dissolutions, the thing was most disturbing. Nowhere would its alarming possibilities have had wider scope than in the Steel Trust.

But Attorney-General Wickersham, whose concurrence was necessary to place this outside opposition plan formally before the court, rejected its main proposals. He based his action on the same broad grounds as those which Attorney-General Knox had used, in 1904, in rejecting Harriman's opposition plan for compelling Northern Securities to give back to every shareholder precisely the stock—whether Northern Pacific or Great Northern—which he had originally sold to it.

The Government, in the present case, did indeed ask for strict provisions to prevent the new companies from buying up one another, and to prevent large "insiders" from increasing their control. But it upheld the *pro rata* distribution plan, refused to favor the plan for extreme disintegration, and cited from one of the Standard Oil opinions the remark that "magnitude of business does not alone constitute monopoly, nor effort at magnitude an attempt at monopoly." The citation of this important dictum of the court, its acceptance by the Attorney-General, and its clear endorsement in the speech of President Taft, quoted above, provide an impressive answer to the familiar complaint that the Anti-Trust Law means to throttle large business enterprise.

Taking all these occurrences of the past eight days together, it is possible to say that in a sense the events which have followed last week's news of the Steel Trust prosecution have distinctly cleared the air. If, then, the sequel to the announcement of Thursday, October 26, has in a wholly unexpected way been reassuring, perhaps it is not strange that the Steel shares, and with them all other important corporation stocks, should this week have returned to a higher figure than their price before the Government prosecution had been begun.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, A. H. A Touch of Fantasy. Lane. $1.25 net.
Addison, A. C. The Romantic Story of the Mayflower Pilgrims. Boston: Page. $2 net.
Aflalo, F. G. Our Agreeable Friends. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Alden, Ruth. Corona Cook Book. Chicago: Abbey Co.
Andersen, H. Stories. Illustrations in color by Edmund Dulac. Doran. $5 net.
Arnold, Edwin. Passages from the Song Celestial. Holiday edition. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.
Banks, L. A. The Great Themes of the Bible. Eaton & Mains. $1.30 net.
Barbour, R. H. Joyce of the Jasmines. Illustrated and decorated. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2.
Barclay, F. L. The Mistress of Shenstone. Illustrated and decorated. Putnam.
Barnes-Grundy, Mabel. The Third Miss Wenderby. Baker & Taylor. $1.25 net.
Barrie, J. M. George Meredith. Holiday edition. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.
Barss's Third Year Latin for Sight Reading. Edited by J. E. Barss. American Book Co. 40 cents.
Blackmore's Lorna Doone. Author's edition. 2 vols. Putnam.
Blake, J. P., and Reveirs-Hopkins, A. E. Little Books About Old Furniture. 2 vols. Stokes.
Brann, W. C. Collection of writings. Biography by J. D. Shaw. 2 vols. Waco, Tex.: Herz Brothers.
Burnett, F. H. Little Lord Fauntleroy. Illus. by Reginald Birch. Scribner. $2 net.
Campbell, D. H. Plant Life and Evolution. Holt. $1.60 net.
Campbell, J. M. The Presence. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.
Camp, Walter. Football for the Spectator. Boston: Badger. 75 cents net.
Case, J. H. Jean Carroll: A Tale of the Ozark Hills. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.
Chadwick, Mrs. E. H. Mrs. Gaskell—Haunts, Homes, and Stories. Stokes.
Chamberlin, H. H. Poems. Privately Printed.
Chamberlin, W. A. Guide to Prevention of Disease and to the Preservation of Health. Boston: Roxburgh Pub. Co. $2.
Chatterton, E. K. Fore and Aft: Story of the Fore and Aft Rig from the Earliest Times. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $4.50 net.
Chesterton, G. K. The Ballad of the White Horse. Lane. $1.25 net.
Child's Book of Stories. Selected and arranged by P. W. Coussens. Pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith. Duffield.
Collins, L. C. Life and Memoirs of John Churton Collins. Lane. $3 net.
Coolidge,, A. C. Reciprocity: A Story of Love and Mining. Watertown, N. Y.: Hungerford-Holbrook Co.
Cornelison, I. A. The Natural History of Religious Feeling. Putnam.
Curwood, J. O. Philip Steele. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Czapek, Frederick. Chemical Phenomena in Life. Harper.
Davidson, Gladys. Two Hundred Opera Plots. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2.50 net, per set.
Dean, S. E. W. Love's Purple. Chicago: Forbes. $1.25 net.
Dickens. Centenary edition. Miscellaneous Papers. 2 vols. Scribner.
Dix, B. M. Friends in the End. Holt.
Durand, Ralph. John Temple. A Novel. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Dürer, Albrecht. His Engravings and Woodcuts. (Great Engravers Series.) Stokes.
Edwards, Albert. Panama. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Elias, Frank. First Voyages of Glorious Memory: Selections for Young People from the "Principal Navigations of Richard Hakluyt. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Greene, S. P. McL. The Long Green Road. Baker & Taylor. $1.25 net.
Grenfell, W. T. Down North on the Labrador. Revell. $1 net.
Grenfell, W. T. What the Church Means to Me. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.
Gribble, Francis. The Romantic Life of Shelley and the Sequel. Putnam.
Hardinge, W. M. Chrysanthema. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.
Harvey, George. The Power of Tolerance. Harper. $1.50 net.
Hauvette, H. Dante. Hachette.
Henderson, E. F. Blücher and the Uprising of Prussia Against Napoleon. Putnam.
Henry, O. The Gift of the Wise Men. Illustrated by C. M. Relyea. Doubleday, Page.
Hewlett, M. Earthwork out of Tuscany: A Masque of Dead Florentines. Holiday editions. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.
Holland, Bernard. The Life of Spencer Compton, Eighth Duke of Devonshire. 2 vols. Longmans.
Holland, Clive. The Belgians at Home. Boston: Little, Brown. $3.50 net.
Holmes, Edmond. What Is and What Might Be: A Study of Education. Third edition. London: Constable.
Hubbard, S. A. Catch Words of Cheer. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.
Hughes, Katherine. Father Lacombe. Moffat, Yard. $2.50 net.
Hullah, Annette. A Little History of Music. Longmans.
Hungerford, Edward. The Modern Railroad. Chicago: McClurg.
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Jerrold, Clare. The Fair Ladies of Hampton Court. Boston: Little, Brown. $4 net.
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Johnson, Burges. Bashful Ballads. Harper. $1 net.
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Keller, Gottfried. Legends of Long Ago. Trans. by C. H. Handschin. Chicago: Abbey Co.
King, C. L. History of the Government of Denver. Denver: Fisher Book Co. $1.50.
Kingsley, F. M. Francesca. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.
Knight, W. A. Peter in the Firelight. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 60 cents net.
Lathrop, E. L. The Mushroom Hand Book. Ogilvie Pub. Co. $1 net.
Lawrence, W. W. Medieval Story. (Columbia Univ. Lectures.) Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50 net.
Lee, Vernon. Sister Benvenuta and The Christ Child. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.
Le Gallienne, Richard. The Loves of the Poets. Baker & Taylor. $1.50 net.
Leitch, Cecil. Golf for Girls. London: George Newnes.
Longford, J. H. The Story of Korea. Scribner.
Lyman, A. J. The Three Greatest Maxims of the World. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 75 cents net.
Macgregor, Mary. The Story of France, Told to Boys and Girls. Color illustrations by W. Rainey. Stokes.
Maharani of Baroda and Mitra, S.M. The Position of Women in Indian Life. Longmans.
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O'Neill, M. Songs of the Glens of Antrim. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher.
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Rose, W. G. The Ginger Cure. Duffield. 50 cents net.
Schipper, J. James Shirley, Sein Leben und Seine Werke. Vienna: Wilhelm Braumüller.
Schubart, Wilhelm. Papyri Graecae Berolinenses. London: Parker & Son.
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Shakspere. Book Titles from Shakspere. Mitchell Kennerley.
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Smith, J. H. The Annexation of Texas. Baker & Taylor. $3 net.
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Smithsonian Institution, Twenty-Seventh Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology. 1905-06. Washington.
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Sowerby, M. and G. Little Plays for Little People; Little Songs for Little People; Little Stories for Little People. 3 vols. Doran.
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With Napoleon at Waterloo, and Other Unpublished Documents of the Waterloo and Peninsular Campaigns. Edited by Mac-Kenzie MacBride. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3.75 net.
Woodhouse, S. C. English-Greek Dictionary. Dutton. $5 net.
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